ECEMBER 15 — 21, 1979

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EVE'S WEEKLY

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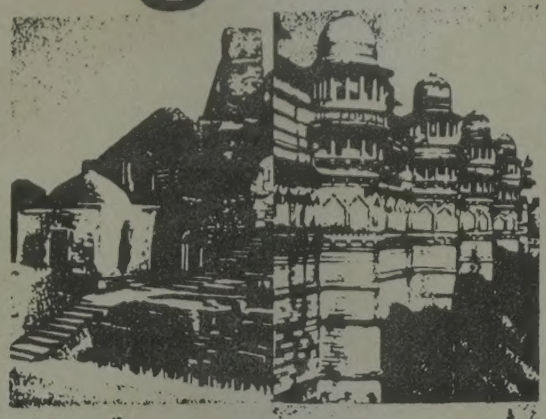
WANTED, A MUSLIM BRIDE : REACTIONS FROM READERS

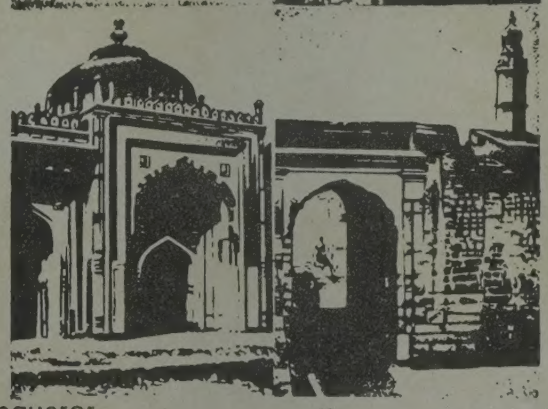
MENU FOR A CHRISTM PARTY

A HOME FOR THE BLIND

The crumbled walls sing ballads of glory.

The past is rich with legends of chivalry. The loves and lives of a colourful page of history beckon from a multitude of monuments. The pomp and pageantry of a bygone era comes alive.





An echo in the mountains

Kangra Fort. Surrounded on three sides by steep cliffs, overlooking two rivers. A stronghold of the Katoch Rajas from prehistoric times, this fort lured many a conqueror. From Mahmud Gazni, Hindu Rajas, Jehangir, the British and finally the Sikhs. From Kangra, Pathankot and the Kashmir Valley are easily accessible.

Citadels of valour

Chittorgarh. The citadel of Rajput valour resounds with legends of bravery and sacrifice. Tales of Suttee and Jwahar. The palace of heroic Padmini. The shrine of the poetess Mirabai.

Lohagarh. North-west of Bharatpur stands this impregnable fortress with unique defences.

Seventy-six bastions of victory

Golconda. Built by the Raja of Warangal, it passed on to the Bahmani kings and on to the Qutab Sahi regime. It finally fell to Aurangzeb after a 10 year siege. The fort is on the outskirts of the city of Hyderabad.

A sultan's pride

Srirangapatna. Built in the 13th century, this fort was scene for the last battle of Tipu Sultan. Built on a river island, the fort is washed on both sides, by the river Kaveri. Colourful frescoes on battered walls, recreate historic battle scenes.

In the time of Buddha

Rajgir. This fort built by Ajatasatru, a contemporary of Buddha, is the country's oldest extant fort. The ruined fortifications of the ancient capital of Magadh can be seen here.

Heir to the sun

Rohtasgarh. Built by the son of the legendary Raja Harish Chandra, who is reputed to have descended from the sun. In 1857, it was a rallying base for freedom fighters.

Silent songs of splendour

Mandu. Stronghold of the 10th century Raja Bhoj. Scene for the eternal love story of Baz Bahadur and the Hindu singer Roopmati.

Pratapgarh. Shivaji's stronghold for many years, it was the scene of his fateful encounter with the Bijapur general Afzal Khan.

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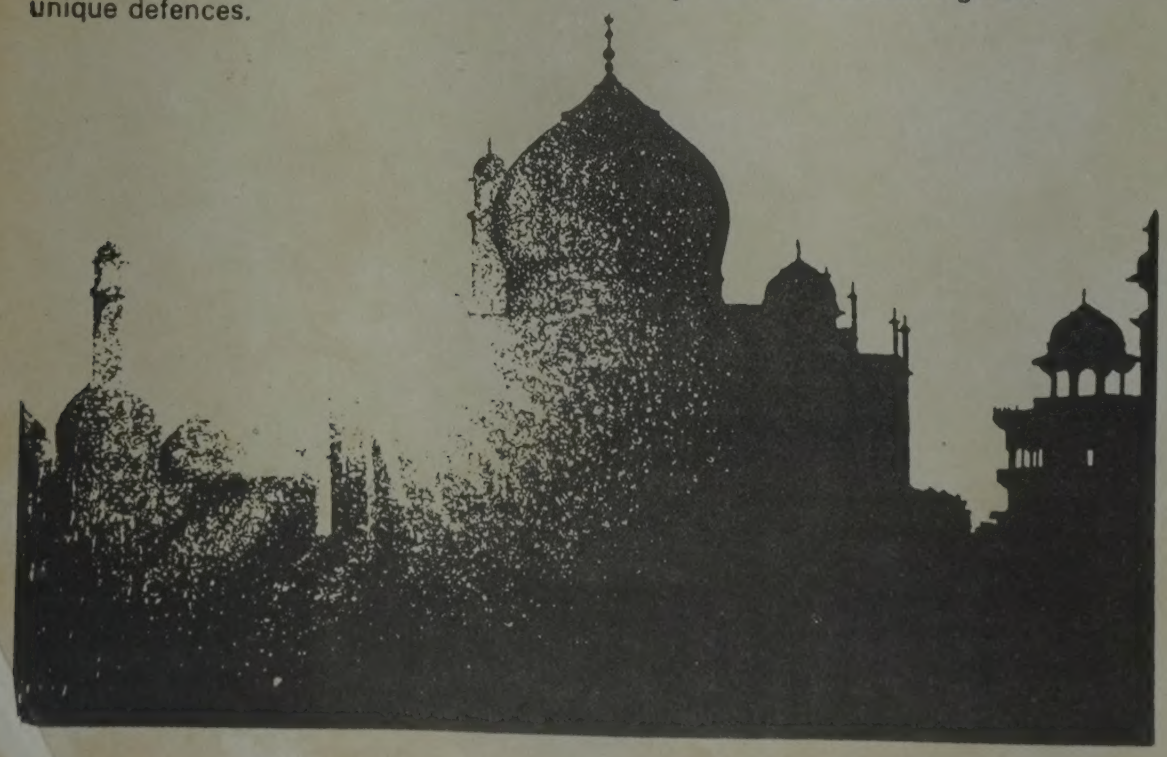

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For your Angel baby

Wounds come in all shapes and sizes

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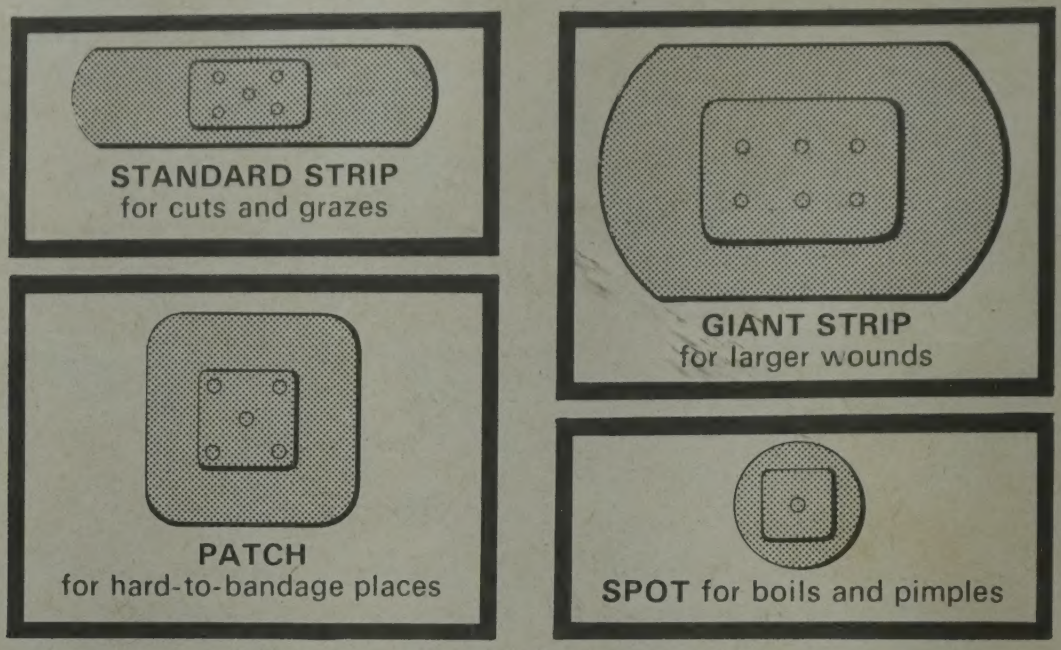
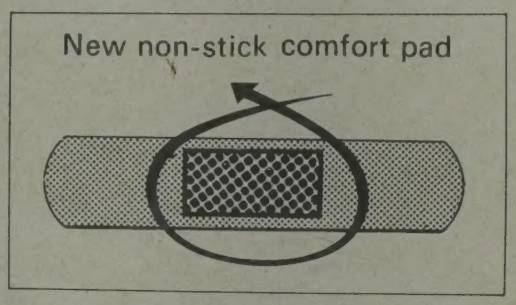


Wounds are open to infection. Protect them with BAND-AID Dressings. Available in different shapes and sizes to conveniently cover any wound.

Always keep a pack of BAND-AID Dressings handy.



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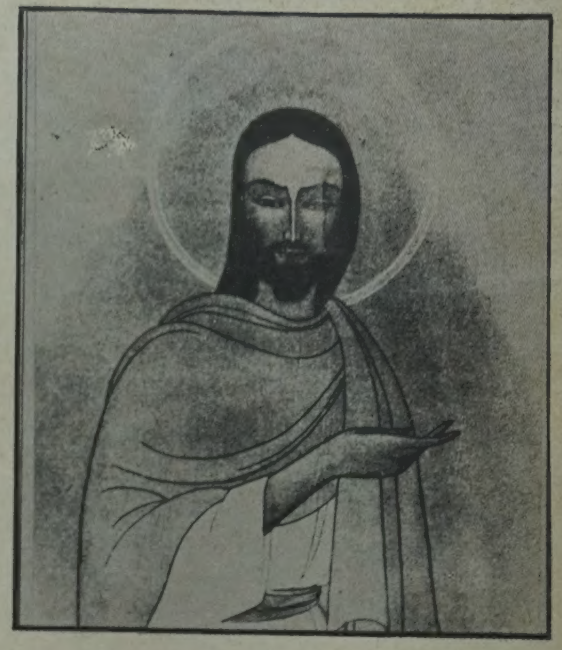
THIS WEEK

THE CHRISTIAN VIEW OF WOMEN

Man. . . is the image and glory of God; but woman is the glory of man. . . Thus wrote St. Paul. And the Churches seem to have taken the lead from him in positioning women at least slightly below men. The point is, does such an attitude have the sanction of Jesus Christ? What was his attitude to and relationship with women?
Page 10.



IMAGES OF CHRISTIANS

Are all Indian Christians westernized? Do they all conform to the mini-skirted, dancing, dating, English-speaking, contemptuous-of-all-things-non-phoren stereotype many people believe they do? Is this stereotyping at all justified?
Page 21.

MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS

A young Christian remembers childhood Christmas celebrations and looks at them through her now-adult eyes.
Page 17.

PILGRIMAGE TO AMARNATH

It is a difficult trek up, but the experience is worth it, says a young woman who made the pilgrimage this year.
Page 49.

ALSO

A Christmas story for children — **Page 15** Eve Today: Pushpa Mehta — **Page 25** A Dancing Couple: Radha and Raja Reddy — **Page 33** Hope for the Blind: A home that cares — **Page 39** Step by Step Cookery: A fancy cake — **Page 43** Film Interview: Ranjeeta — **Page 47** Woman in Focus: Kishwar Ishtiaq — **Page 52**.

REGULAR FEATURES

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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE

As the twentieth century draws to its end, there comes this news from Bijnore, of a man who gambled away his young, beautiful wife on Diwali night. What is more, the Panchayat of his community met the next morning and handed over the woman to the winner of the game. Some Diwali celebration, this! Wonder what the verdict of the Panchayat would have been if the same thing had happened in reverse, that is, if this Draupadi had put her husband on the stake and gambled him away? One can't even visualise such a situation. Clearly, we have a case here, of the owner and the owned.

So here's calling all chauvinists — come and deny even in the face of this, that Indian men treat their wives as mere chattel, as their property; to be owned body and soul, to be commanded, enjoyed and even given away — if they so choose. Any self-respecting woman would find her gall rise to hear of such sordid tales. Only, they are no tales. To dwell on such degrading treatment meted out so much humiliation poured on women and the meanness of man behind it makes one ashamed and miserable to have been born a woman. The misery of that woman must be a raw, naked pain. But who cares? He who possesses a free slave, never gives her up — at least, not willingly. Is there any thing which will finally make the males change their centuries-old way of thinking?

KAMLESH VAID, Nagpur

Just like that. Here's my possession, my property, and I pass it on to you. It happened in ancient times and it has happened now. Not much has changed, has it? Yes, it's still a man's world — but so what? We cannot give up. We must continue to fight, to protest, to convince the world that women, too, are human beings who must be treated with the same dignity and honour accorded to the males.

2nd PRIZE

CHILDREN IN DANGER

A chill went down my spine when I read in the local newspapers that two school-bound children here, aged five and seven, were waylaid and kidnapped by two perverted sex maniacs to satiate their carnal appetite and these tiny tots succumbed later. What is more, the police after a snail's pace progress caught the culprits and gave a statement to the Press that they were unable to solve the mystery of several other missing children in the city.

The deplorable fact of these happenings is that neither the citizenry nor the police is serious about the whole episode and I wonder at the total indifference and apathy of the city's public in sharp contrast to how the Press virtually put the entire official machinery on the job to nab the criminals in the Chopra children murder case at Delhi. Whether it is Delhi or Bangalore or any other obscure corner of the country, children are the same everywhere and the agony of parents is boundless. A civilised society should act swiftly to ensure the safety of our children when they leave home for school. I shudder to hear that child lifting is an organised crime and that it is practised by inveterate crooks who use the children later as prostitutes or beggars. Will the police come forward to smash the organisation?

MRS. RATHNA MURTHY, Bangalore

Even in the Chopra children's case, both the public and the police came in for a great deal of criticism. The law and order situation in the country seems to be at its lowest ebb. People are afraid to involve themselves lest they become victims. The police are hard-pressed, often corrupt. And yet, it is only the people, the public, who can insist on their right to protection and safety.

3rd PRIZE

THE LITTLE BEGGARS

Many fund collection programmers prefer children for collection of their funds. Boxes, flags, and cards are given to children from schools, sometimes with incentives, e.g. on collection of a certain amount, a free school badge in return. To fulfil his achievement, a child goes from door to door, person to person and car to car on the streets, literally begging — of course neglecting his studies at home.

Temptation does not spare the children either. Haven't teachers come across children telling them that they lost a box or something, and then deposit a lesser amount than what was actually collected by them? And, in the case of shy children, in order to keep up an image, parents and others take active part and collect funds. Actually, parents should intervene and try to put a stop to this practice of their children begging, ever though a cause may be good. It would be a service done in the International Year Of the Child.

MISS FRENY BAGLI, Bombay

No, we don't call this 'begging: To have children actively collecting for a good cause is to inculcate in them compassion, co-operation and humanity. There are many other dubious and "home-encouraged" activities which lead to neglect of studies. And if temptation does overtake them, it's all a part of growing up. Teachers can take the opportunity to inculcate the virtues of honesty in them, instead of berating them. All children, you know, are born good. . .

OOTY, NOW

Hospitals, institutions, main roads, side streets and even cities have parted with their names to satisfy our national ego — and the change-over has not always been smooth or trouble free. The latest bid is to change the name of the well-known hill station, Ooty. How much is gained by such a change is a moot point, quite often it appears to be change just for the sake of change. The world will hardly come to an end if Ooty is left to itself with no change of name; what is more, the name is not directly reminiscent of the English, like the name of an English King or Governor. To be asked to put up with that would be hard, indeed, for us lovers of our motherland!

For some strange reason we seem incapable of leaving well enough alone; on the other hand, we tend to get so bogged down with immaterial and inconsequential matters that we lose sight of the more important issues, that could do with our time and effort. There are so many pressing problems, the rectification of which could directly benefit so many people. A pity we let our energies be sapped by matters of little relevance — how much better if we could channelise them into profitable fields.

DAPHNE KHAN, Hyderabad

Who knows what bug bites the powers-that-be into this dizzy whirl of changing names. It is for the most part, an exercise in futility. Bombay's Flora Fountain is still known by that name — scarcely anyone calls it "Hutatma Chowk". Maybe Ooty will eternally remain Ooty, despite attempts to give it a Swadeshi name.

Lipton Green Label Tea

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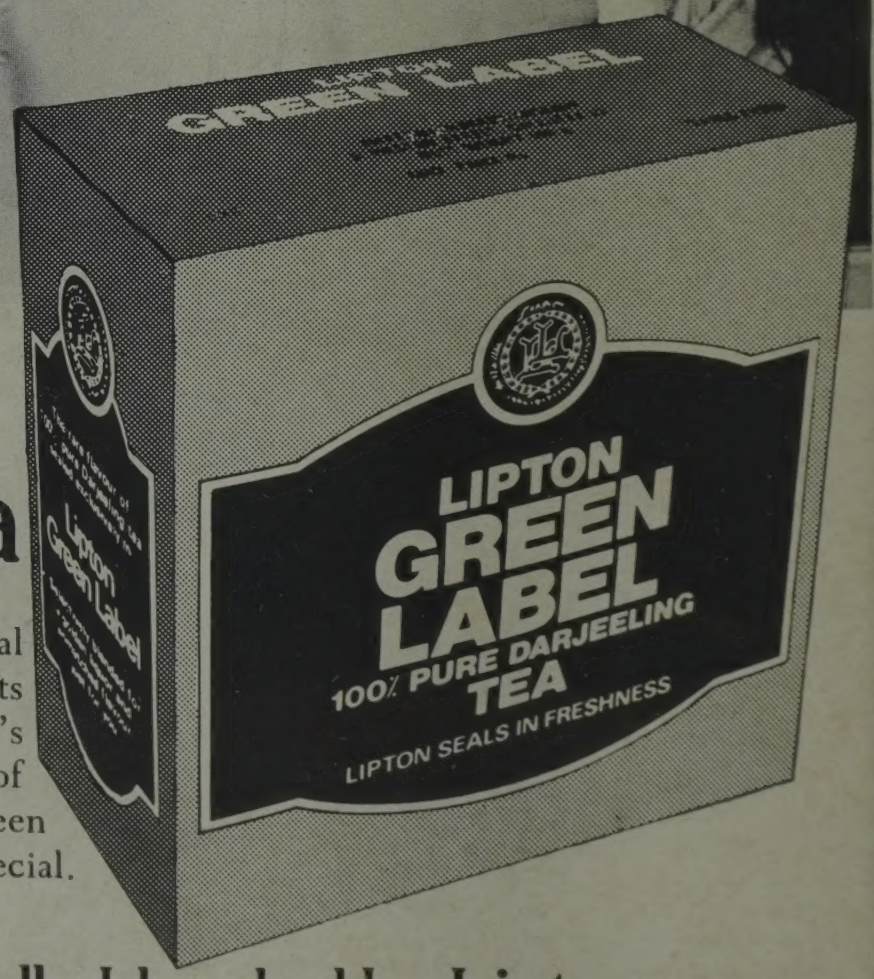

100% Darjeeling–specially blended by Lipton

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

DETERGENT POWER

The Consumer Awareness article, "The Magic Whiteners" (October 6), gives useful information about modern detergents but it does not guide us in the choice of detergents among those available in the market. I think that, as for medical products, it should be compulsory for the manufacturers of detergents to print on the package the composition of their product, which would reveal the percentage of, for example, soda ash, which I presume must be the bulk ingredient of cheaper products.

P. G. Dev, Pune.

INSPIRING STORY

I read the cover story on Geeta Bhardwaj (October 20) avidly and with a feeling of amazement. Geeta's courage has really been appreciated by everyone. This sort of story is always welcome to readers.

NAIR VIMALA B, Bombay.

The article on Geeta Bhardwaj (October 20) by Irene Pereira, was very inspiring. The detailed account of Mrs. Bhardwaj's life after the accident would definitely give moral support to those handicapped persons who may be thinking that there is no hope of further active life for them. Congratulations for creating this interesting platform, "Human Interest Story". I would call this meaningful journalism.

H. S. KRISHNA, Bangalore.

FACING REALITY WITH COURAGE

The article on Geetha Banker Bhardwaj (October 20) was interesting. She was fortunate enough to have had kind and sympathetic parents whose attitude helped her to face reality with courage. We see too many parents who look upon their handicapped children as some kind of nuisance. Some are at least sympathetic. But even that becomes nauseating and unbearable after a limit. Love alone is the panacea. The following extract from Havelock Ellis shows a ray of hope.

"In a somewhat less abnormal form of Pymalionism, erotic symbolism properly shows itself in its simplest shape in the tendency to idealize unbeautiful peculiarities in a beloved person, so that such peculiarities are ever afterwards almost or quite essential in order to arouse attraction. In this way men have become attracted to limping women. Even the most normal men idealize a trifling defect in a beloved woman. The attention is inevitably concentrated on such slight deviations from regular beauty, and the natural result of such concentration is that a complexus of associated thoughts and emotions becomes attached to something that in itself is unbeautiful. A defect becomes an admired focus of attention. Even a little defect in a woman's face, such a a smallpox pit, may arouse the tenderness of the man who loves her."

D. V. MOHAMA PRAKASH, Madras.

MATERIALISTIC YOUNG MEN

This is in response to the except from the book, "Her Gold and Her Body" by Jamila Verghese (October 27). I would like to add to the example given there of the suicide of Mrs. Ranjana Verma. The husband of the deceased has got married again in the traditional way. The ceremony took place in March, 1978, the same year of the death of his first bride, who burnt herself. Marriage, for our young men, has become important from the material point of view — emotions do not find a place. At least out of respect for the dead bride, the husband should have waited for some more time. The callousness of people in matters of marriage is really horrifying. Magazines do their bit in making people aware of the problem, but it is up to the people to find a solution.

ANJU GUPTA, New Delhi.

NEXT WEEK

DECEMBER 22, 1979

THE ELECTIONS ARE COMING!

Think before you vote, says Nani Palkhivala, who needs no introduction.

MORE WOMEN, BETTER POLITICS?

Would women politicians make a dfference to politics? Would they usher in an era of honesty, integrity and humanity?

IMAGES OF WOMEN POLITICIANS

Women in politics are said to be hard, calculating and unwomanly. On the other hand, it seems our women politicians go to great pains to look and act like so many Bharatiya Naris. How much of all this is genuine, how much cultivated and how much thrust upon them?

THE IYC IN RETROSPECT

As the IYC draws to an end, a look at whether we have gone beyond paying lip service to it and to the children of this country.

Plus all our regular features.

THE SCENE: A baptismal ceremony in an Orthodox church.

THE PERSONNAE: Two babies — a boy and a girl; their respective parents, grandparents, other sundry relatives; the priest and a few attendants.

THE NOTE-WORTHY POINT: Once the main rites are over, the baby boy is taken in a ceremonial procession around the altar, while the baby girl remains where she is, for she is not granted admission into the holy of holies.

THE MORAL: Some Christians, mostly male, are more equal than others, mostly female, in the eyes of the Orthodox Church.

The Orthodox Church is, of course, not alone in its positioning of women ever so slightly below men. A few examples should prove the point.

The Catholic Church continues to be adamantly opposed to the ordaining of women as priests, and offers the lame excuse that since Christ was a man, it is only right that his representatives on earth also be men.

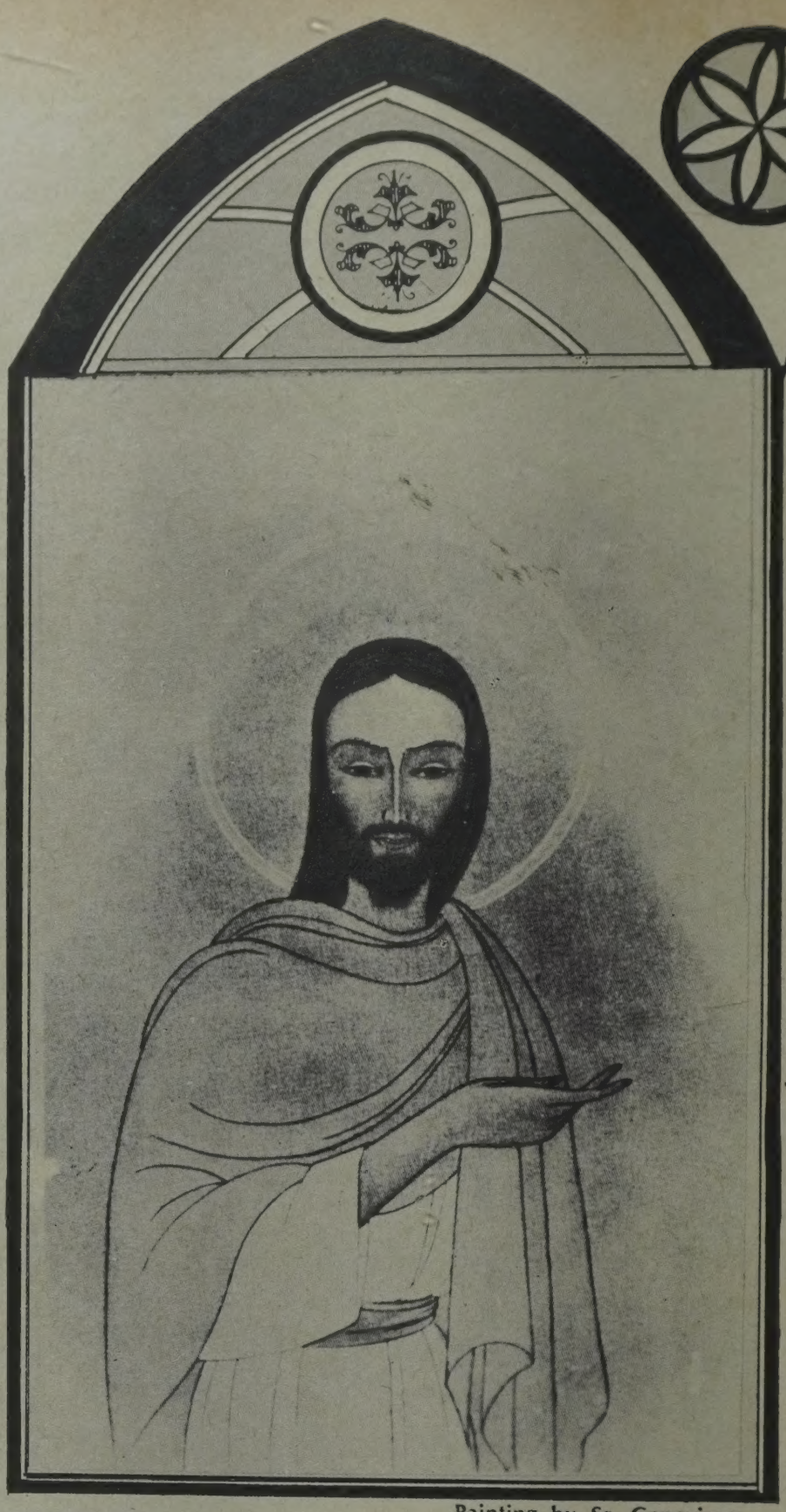
In the Anglican (Protestant) Church wedding service, the bridegroom promises to love and to cherish his wife, while the bride vows to love, cherish and (additionally) obey her husband.

The point here is not to list one by one the practices (and there are many) that reveal the discriminatory attitudes of the various Churches towards women, but to determine where exactly the rot set in. Did Jesus Christ lead the way to these attitudes? Do they even have his sanction?

A fact-finding mission through the four Gospels (written by St. Mathew, St. Mark, St. Luke and St. John) reveal many passages that demonstrate Christ's attitudes to women. Of these, three are particularly outstanding.

The first, described in the Gospel according to St. John, is as follows:

"And the scribes and the Pharisees brought a woman caught in adultery, and having set her in the midst, they said to Him, 'Teacher, this woman has been caught in adultery, in the very act. Now in the Law, Moses commanded us to stone such women; what then do you say?' And they were saying this, testing Him, in order that they might have grounds for accusing Him. But Jesus stooped down, and with His finger wrote on the ground. But when they persisted in asking Him, He straightened up, and said to them, 'He who is without sin among you, let him be the first to throw a stone at her.' And again He stooped down, and wrote on the ground. And when they heard it, they began to go out one by one, beginning with the older ones, and He was left alone, and the woman, where she had been, in the midst. And straightening up, Jesus said to her, 'Woman, where are they? Did no one condemn you?' And she said, 'No one, Lord.' And Jesus said, 'Neither do I condemn you; go your way; from now on sin no more'."



Painting by Sr. Genevieve

Was Jesus Christ

When even 20th century men and women continue, by and large, to condemn and ostracize prostitutes and to acquit of all blame the men who use them, it is remarkable that Jesus, who belonged to the orthodox Jewish community and lived as far back as in the 1st century A.D., should have dealt with this situation as he is recorded to have done.

The second example is described in the Gospel according to St. Luke:

"Now as they were travelling along, He entered a certain village; and a woman named Martha welcomed Him into her home. And she had a sister called Mary, who moreover was listening to the Lord's word, seated at His feet. But Martha was distracted with all her preparations and she came up to Him and said, 'Lord, do you not care that my sister has left me to do all the serving alone? Then tell her to help me.' But the Lord answered and said to her, 'Martha, Martha, you are worried and bothered about so many things; but only a few things are necessary, really only one, for Mary has chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away from her.'"

And so Jesus upholds the right of a woman to live her own life, by her own code of values and priorities, even if it means veering away from the straight and narrow path of traditional sex roles. While Martha was fulfilling her conventional, 'socially acceptable' role as the woman of the house — the hostess — busy with household responsibilities, Mary chose to neglect her 'womanly domestic duties' in favour of mental and spiritual pursuits. And she had the sanction of Jesus.

The third example that comes to mind is again in the Gospel according to St. John. The text is rather too long to reproduce here, but, briefly, this is the story:

Tired after a long journey, Jesus was sitting by a well on the outskirts of a village in Samaria while his disciples went to fetch food, when a Samaritan woman came to draw water. Jesus amaz-

"Christ is the head of every man and the man is the head of a woman, and God is the head of Christ." Thus spake St. Paul. And unfortunately the Church seems to have taken the lead from him. But do such attitudes have the sanction of Jesus? What was his attitude towards women?

A Liberated Man?

Ammu Joseph

ed her by asking her for a drink, because Jews generally had no dealings with Samaritans. But he carried on a conversation with her, talking about God and the eternal life, and impressed her with his knowledge about her life (the fact that she had five husbands and was at that time living with a man who was not married to her.) Finally, convinced that he was the long-awaited Messiah, she went and told the people in the city about him. His disciples, when they returned, "marvelled that He had been speaking with a woman; yet no one said, 'What do You seek?' or 'Why do You speak with her?'... And from that city many of the Samaritans believed in Him because of the word of the woman who testified. 'He told me all the things that I have done.' "

This recorded incident is noteworthy for several reasons. First Jesus flouted convention by striking up a conversation with a woman, and he further ignored traditional prejudices against Samaritans who, for the Jews, were as good (or bad) as out-castes. Second, he did not hesitate to talk to her (a woman) about spiritual matters and to spread his message through her to the people of her city. Third, he did not comment on or condemn her lifestyle, but treated her with respect.

Indication of a special sensitivity and concern in Jesus' attitudes to and relationships with women occur time and again in the Gospels. But perhaps the most conclusive proof of the depth of his relationship with his female followers can be seen in the account of his death, burial and resurrection, recorded in all four Gospels. Because it is at this time of extreme stress that the women in his group demonstrated their loyalty, far more than even his chosen apostles.

From all the four Gospels, it is clear that it was the women who remained steadfast and did not desert him through his trial and at his hour of death, while even Peter, the acknowledged leader of the apostles, at a point of crisis denied even knowing him. In St. Mathew's description of the scene of the crucifixion, he says, "And many women were there looking on from a distance, who had followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering to Him..."

Even after his death, when Joseph of Arimathea sought and got permission from Pontius Pilate (the Roman governor) to bury Jesus, "the women who had come with Him out of Galilee followed after, and saw the tomb and how His body was laid. And they returned and prepared spices and perfumes" to anoint Him with.

Again, it was the women who, after the Sabbath (Saturday, the day of rest), went early to the tomb to anoint him with the spices they had prepared. And, perhaps as a reward for their love and loyalty, it was to the women that the news of the resurrection was first made known. It was they who were entrusted with the task of telling the apostles and other disciples about the resurrection. Further, it was to Mary Magdalene that the resurrected Christ first appeared. In the Gospel according to St. Mark, he says, "Now after He had risen early on the first day of the week, He first appeared to Mary Magdalene, from whom He had cast out seven demons." St. John goes into more detail:

"...Two angels in white sitting, one at the head, and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus had been lying...said to her, 'Woman, why are you weeping?' She said to them, 'Because they have taken away my Lord, and I do not know where they have laid Him.' When she had said this, she turned around, and beheld Jesus standing there, and did not know that it was Jesus. Jesus said to her, 'Woman, why are you weeping? Whom are you seeking?' Supposing Him to be the gardener, she said to Him, 'Sir, if you have carried Him away, tell me where you have laid Him, and I will take Him away.' And Jesus said to her, 'Mary!' She turned and said to Him in Hebrew 'Rabboni!' " (which means, Teacher).

It is obvious that Jesus and the women among his followers enjoyed a very special relationship. It is almost as if the women — coming from the orthodox, male-dominated, extremely patriarchal Jewish community, where the men reportedly, offer a daily thanksgiving to God for not having made them women — found in Jesus someone who respected them as persons, instilled in them a sense of self-worth and was sensitive to their needs, problems and aspirations.

The fact that he chose twelve men and no woman as his apostles could come in for some criticism. Nowhere in the Bible is there any explanation of possible reasons for this, although it is clear from many references in the Gospels that women formed a noticeable part of his audience everywhere and that besides the 12 apostles who were with him, there were "also some women who had been healed of evil spirits and sicknesses...who were contributing their support out of their private means." It could be that Jesus thought it would be more practical to choose male apostles because of the amount of travelling, under unfavourable conditions, required of them. But that is, of course, pure surmise.

An interesting part of Jesus' teaching is particularly relevant as a warning to potential eve-teasers: "You have heard that it was said, You shall not commit adultery, but I say to you, that every one who looks on a woman to lust for her has committed adultery with her already in his heart."

As quoted in the Gospel according to St. Mark, Jesus was against divorce, but here also he makes no distinction between men and women: "Whoever divroces his wife and marries another woman commits adultery against her; and if she herself divorces her husband and marries another man, she is committing adultery."

While the objection to divorce sounds archaic today, it seems as if Christ was being unconventional for his day even in this. The Law laid down by Moses permitted "a man to write a certificate of divorce and send (his wife) away." It could be, therefore, that Jesus went against Moses' commandment in order to protect the rights of women, who could otherwise be sent packing with a dubious certificate!

Even after the ascension of Jesus, it appears that the position of women in the early Church was no different from that of men.

Thus, in the first chapter of the Acts, after the ascension, the eleven apostles (Judas Iscariot, the traitor, having hanged himself) returned to Jerusalem and St. Luke records that "These all with one mind were continually devoting themselves to prayer, along with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus..."

Later in the Acts, it is recorded that when "Saul began ravag-

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WAS JESUS CHRIST A LIBERATED MAN?

ing the church", he would drag off both men and women, and put them in prison. So women and men were persecuted alike in the name of Jesus Christ.

Also in the Acts there is frequent mention of women like Tabita ("abounding with deeds of kindness and charity"), Lydia ("the Lord opened her heart to respond to the things spoken by Paul") and Damaris ("joined him — Paul — and believed").

Besides this there is mention of a couple, Aquila and Priscilla, with whom St. Paul stayed in Corinth, who accompanied him by sea to Syria and who together counselled a fellow Christian, Apollos, who was rather more eloquent than accurate: "But when Priscilla and Aquila heard him, they took him aside and explained to him the way of God more accurately." It is clear, therefore, that in the early Church, men were not thought to be the only ones who could comprehend the wisdom of God.

So far so good. But then where did the rot set in that is so obvious in the current attitudes of the Church to women? Acknowledging his many valuable contributions to the Church, and at the risk of sounding sacrilegious, I have to point an accusing finger at St. Paul.

In his many letters to various communities of Christians, St. Paul generally seems to recognize the work done by the women of the Church and, though his letters are addressed to his "brethren", he does make mention of women. For instance, in his letter to the Romans he writes:

"I commend to you our sister Phoebe, who is a servant of the Church which is at Cenchrea," and "Greet Mary, who has worked hard for you. . ." and so on.

And in his letter to the Galatians, he makes a marvellous statement, "There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither slave nor free man; there is neither male nor female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus," and thus emphasizes the equality before God of man and woman.

However, this cannot repair the damage he did to the position of women in his first letter to the Corinthians, Chapter 11 of which contains some truly retrograde ideas:

"But I want you to understand that Christ is the head of every man and the man is the head of a woman, and God is the head of Christ. . ."

". . .Every woman who has her head uncovered while praying or prophesying, disgraces her head. . . For a man ought not to have his head covered, since he is the image and glory of God; but the woman is the glory of man. For man does not originate from woman, but woman from man; for indeed man was not created for the woman's sake, but woman for the man's sake. Therefore the woman ought to have a symbol of authority on her head. . ."

St. Paul seems to have been somewhat confused, because, right after the above declaration, he goes on to write, "However, in the Lord, neither is woman independent of man, nor is man independent of woman. For as the woman originates from the man, so also the man has his birth through the woman; and all things originate from God."

Again, in his first letter to Timothy (his assistant), he says, "Let a woman quietly receive instruction with entire submissiveness. But I do not allow a woman to teach or exercise authority over a man, but to remain quiet. For it was Adam who was first created, and then Eve. And it was not Adam who was deceived, but the woman being quite deceived, fell into transgression. But women shall be preserved through the bearing of children if they continue in faith and love and sanctity with self-restraint."

LINTAS-PIL.SH.1-1310

It is interesting to note here that St. Paul's attitude to marriage was generally negative:

"It is good for a man not to touch a woman. But because of immoralities let each man have his own wife and let each woman have her own husband. . . Yet I wish that all men were even as I myself am (needless to say, he was unmarried). But I say to the unmarried and to widows that it is good for them if they remain even as I. But if they do not have self-control, let them marry; for it is better to marry than to burn. . .

"I think then that this is good in view of the present distress, that it is good for a man to remain as he is. Are you bound to a wife? Do not seek to be released. Are you released from a wife? Do not seek a wife. But if you should marry, you have not sinned; and if a virgin should marry, she has not sinned. Yet such will have trouble in this life, and I am trying to spare you. . ."

St. Paul's limited vision and understanding of marital relationships might, it seems to me, have contributed a lot to Christian prudery and guilt about any relationship between men and women, which certainly could not have originated with Jesus.

Outright condemnation of St. Paul might, perhaps, be somewhat unfair. He seems to have been caught between Christ's revolutionary message of love, an essential part of which was recognition of and respect for the worth of each individual (man, woman or child), and his own traditional Jewish and Greek background.

What is really unfortunate is that the Church, instead of following the example of Jesus Christ, the true revolutionary, has chosen to be led, in this respect at least, by the somewhat confused ideas of St. Paul, who was after all not God and had his human weaknesses. And worse, the Church has further developed and refined the art of discrimination against women and introduced practices and 'traditions' that have no basis in the teachings of Christ.

This is indeed the tragedy. But it is certainly not irrevocable. Consciousness of the rot, and positive action to remove it, can bring about a much happier and certainly more Christian attitude, not only to women, but to all individuals.

Some rethinking is, of course, being done and the position of women in some Churches at least has improved in the last couple of decades. Some progressive Churches do now have women clergy, women are increasingly represented in decision-making groups within some Churches, and several women hold key administrative posts in many Church organizations. The World Council of Churches and related bodies have contributed a great deal towards this. Their work is invaluable for the greater humanization of Churches. It is to be hoped that more Churches will follow their lead and, more importantly, Christ's. For he was indeed a liberated man.

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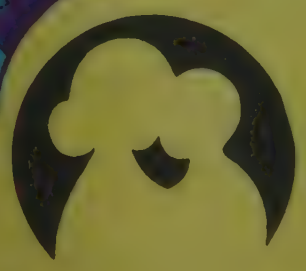
The Christmas Gift

Mala Vaishnav



NINE-year-old Linda lay snugly in her warm bed, her long lashes wet with tears. Every day when bed-time came, she would remember her dear old Bon Bon and begin to cry. Bon Bon, a furry, brown dog who used to curl up in Linda's blankets every night had been crushed under a speeding truck a week ago. She tried not to think of him and concentrated instead on the coming festival.

Christmas eve was drawing near and she hadn't even bought any presents. Mummy, Daddy, Shirley, Nanny — Gosh! And all she had was twenty rupees saved up in her piggy bank. Drowsily, she contemplated the moon which was peeping through the curtains.

That night, Linda dreamt of a giant Christmas tree with fairy lights, sticky toffee and Bon-Bon bouncing around her, begging for a piece.

"Wake up sleepy head," laughed Shirley next morning, shaking her sister. As Linda yawned and turned over, she tugged at the blanket and rambled on excitedly. "Oh come on, Lyn! Mum is baking a yummy cake and she said we could help. There is guava cheese too!" she said, smacking her lips. But Linda shook her head as she sat up slowly. "Not now," she mumbled. "I have something to do."

A few hours later, Linda quietly entered the porch through the side gate and quickly ran up to her room. On the bed she surveyed her parcels — a scarf for Mum, socks for Dad, bangles for Shirley and a picture frame for Nanny. Carefully she wrapped the gifts in multi-coloured paper and pushed them into a drawer. Then she addressed cards to her favourite uncle Maurice, her best friend Val, who had gone to her grandparents' home for the holidays, and to her class-teacher.

"Oh Lyn, come and look!" shouted Shirley from the bottom of the stair-case. Linda rushed out just in time to see Daddy lugging a large Christmas tree. Both the girls ran to help him and a few minutes later it was installed in a corner of the living room. The next few days were spent in decorating the tree with pretty little coloured bulbs and shiny silver stars. On the branches, they hung several small ornaments. Most evenings carol-singers from the neighbouring college would stand at their gate and Linda and Shirley joined in their singing with gay abandon.

On Christmas eve, after a simple meal, everyone piled into the car and went to church for Midnight Mass. There was an air of festivity everywhere. Lights twinkled through drawn curtains and people flocked on to the roads, laughing and singing.

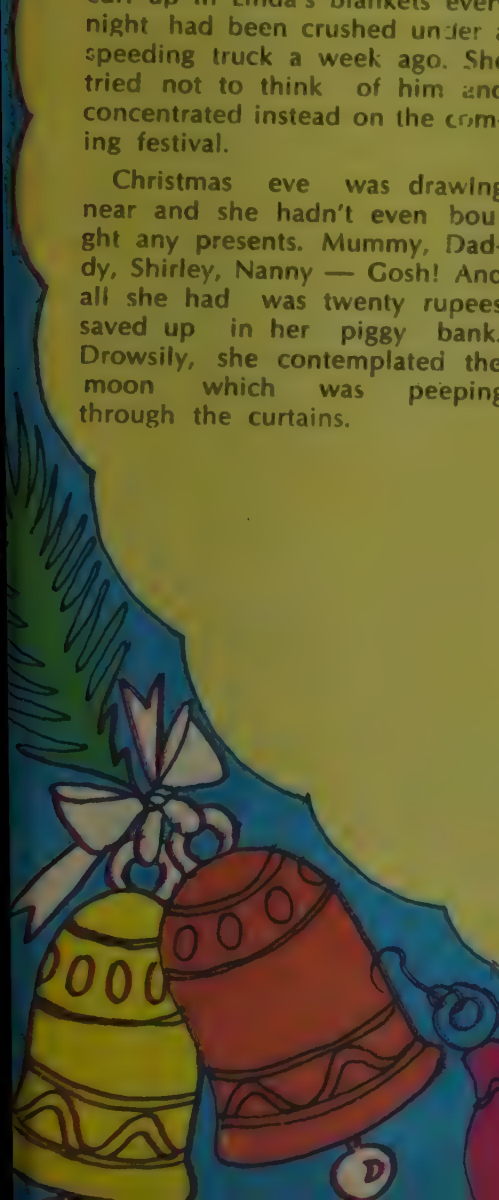
It was almost one o'clock when they returned. But Linda lay wide awake in her bed. When the sounds from below stopped, and nothing could be heard, save the hoarse cry of crickets, she tip-toed down the stairs, feeling her way carefully, aided by the faint beam of her torch. The enormous shape of the tree loomed in the corner, the stars winking in the dark. The half-light showed up gaily wrapped gifts in various sizes. She arranged her presents beside them and casually glanced at the others. There was a huge package for Shirley from Mum and Dad. Prodding it, Linda concluded that it must be the doll's house her little sister had coveted for long. Looking around for hers, she received a terrible shock. There was no gift from Mum and Dad for her! She picked her way gingerly around the tree peering all over. But there was nothing, nothing at all!

Perhaps this was a punishment for her low grades in class, but she had promised to work harder, hadn't she, and wasn't she trying these days? "How could they?" she thought, and hot tears pricked her lids.

On Christmas day, Shirley jumped on to her sister's bed and hugged her. "Happy Christmas Lyn!" she said, and pulled her down to the living room. Gifts and sweets were exchanged amid laughter and jokes. Her neighbours had also stopped by to wish the family and were happily munching Mum's delicious milk toffees and marzipans

"Ooh, what a beautiful doll's house!" squealed Shirley popping a crisp "kalkal" into her mouth. "See, it even has a staircase inside!" Turning to Linda, she said, "Come on Lyn, open yours. Mum was so secretive about it."

Linda saw a round cane basket tied with a red bow, placed at the bottom of the tree. It had certainly not been there the night before. With trembling hands she untied the ribbon. Immediately the lid was pushed open from inside, mournful brown eyes appeared, and Linda was face to face with the cutest Cocker Spaniel puppy she had ever seen!



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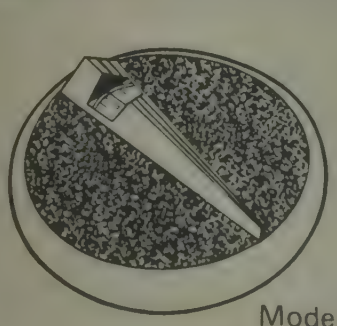

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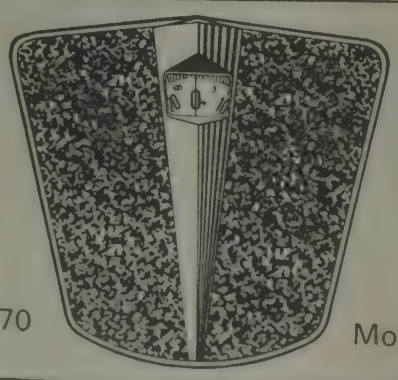

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My earliest memories of Christmas are vivid, and like one's happiest moments in childhood, they will not fade easily with time.

At five or six years, I remember waking early on Christmas morn to the joyous delight of opening parcels and gifts gaily wrapped and stacked neatly under the Christmas tree. These gifts were supposedly brought by Santa Claus who visited us in the night when we were fast asleep.

I do not know whether parents encourage their children to believe in Santa Claus any more, or whether it is considered old fashioned to do so. But we — my brothers and I — had a great thing going when we believed in Santa. While children in the West write letters to Santa weeks in advance, we told our parents what we wanted for Christmas on the assurance that they would write to Santa on our behalf. We were , of course, threatened several times that Santa would leave us out if we didn't drink up our milk quickly or sit and study like good children.

On Christmas eve there was the excitement of helping my father to decorate the Christmas tree, put up streamers, buntings and wall hangings and of course, the star which would hang outside the window. From the early days of December, Christmas carols and hymns were taught to us in school to the accompaniment of the piano.

I particularly remember a singing lesson when I was in the primary school, during which an Irish nun with a beautifully mellifluous voice taught us the hymn, "O come, O come, Emanuelle." Fifteen years later, when I went back to the same school to teach music, I taught my little pupils the same hymn, and the lesson was supervised by the same nun now well in her eighties.

Radio Ceylon (now the Sri Lanka Broadcasting Corporation) was another source from which I learnt several Christmas songs, which I remember singing at the top of my voice together with my mother.

By the time I was ten years old I can recall discussing my Christmas dress with my classmates and neighbours. We were the most precocious little set of Cardins and Givenchys and Diors, as we went into the intricate details of our patterns and styles. We threw around exotic sounding words like "raw silk" and "coronation satin" with gay abandon. A particularly shiny sort of material called "day and night" was very "in" at the time. A dress made up of this stuff, together with a trip to Grant Road or Colaba to buy new shoes, made Christmas Day a dream come true.

There was always a Christmas party at school with a lot of good things to eat and drink, games to play and "Jingle Bells" blaring out of the loud-speakers. Presents were exchanged between the students themselves. There were nevertheless some girls who were disappointed because their mothers had sent expensive dolls or Mecano sets, while they themselves had to go home with the cheap pencil-boxes or gaudy hair-bands that they had received in exchange.

The thrill of going to the Midnight Mass at St. Anne's Church, Mazagaon, came a little later. I

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BEAUTY BULLETIN

DARK PATCHES ON FACE

After the delivery of my first child, dark patches have appeared on my face. I have tried removing these with whitening creams, but to no avail. Can you suggest a home-made preparation for me?

H. P. (Nagpur)

These patches may have developed during pregnancy when the hormonal balance undergoes a change.

Try these home remedies, but if the patches persist consult a doctor.

Take two tablespoons of fresh milk cream and add a little lime juice to it. Mix well. Apply this all over the face massaging gently. Cover the patches with this mixture and leave it on for about 10 minutes. Rinse off with warm water. Do this for a couple of weeks.

You could also use cucumber juice to which a little lime juice has been added. The method of application is the same.

FOR A FIRM BUSTLINE

CHEST EXERCISES

Please suggest some exercises to firm the chest muscles. My bustline has started sagging slightly although I am only 24. I am worried.

N. B. (Pune)

Given here are some exercises for you:

1. Bring palms together in front. Press them level with your bustline. Do this for three minutes—relax, press again, count 10, press again. Repeat this for 10 minutes.

2. Place heavy books on both palms, then slowly raise the palms in front of the breasts, then sideways and lower them in front. Raise them again to shoulder level and bring in front. This exercise should be done very slowly.

3. Rowing is another good exercise. Sit on floor with legs extended, torso erect and arms straight in front. Reach in front, then pull arms back, elbows bent, hands at chest. Do ten strokes.

PROTRUDING TEETH

My son is 14 and has protruding teeth. Can these be corrected?

D.A. (Hyderabad)

Protruding teeth can be corrected by appliances. In the fixed appliance there are stainless steel bands which are secured to the teeth to move the teeth back in position, with the help of wires and elastic bands. The treatment takes about 15 to 18 months.

In the moveable appliance a plate attached with a moveable wire stimulates a false denture. The duration of treatment is about three years.

Consult a good orthodentist for further details.

OF SNOWMEN AND SLEIGH BELLS

I guess it was around the age of twelve or thereabouts. The sense of awe I felt at the end of the solemn service grips me even today when I hear the Midnight Mass as if I am hearing it for the very first time. It is a strangely stirring sight to witness thousands of Christians deep in prayer, kneeling in worship of the Infant Child. The silence is almost tangible in the cold December night, broken only by the dignified boom of the voice of the main celebrant.

It is one of my greatest regrets that it is no longer possible for me to hear the midnight service at St. Anne's following a change of residence. No midnight Mass is quite the same in any other church, nor can my involvement be so total anywhere else.

In my late teens came the experience of going to the Christmas dance with a handsome escort, suitably (forgive the pun) suited, booted and tied. The leading dance bands would belt out the latest numbers and to this cacophony couples would dance Christmas night away. The dance became a finale to the noisy revelry and celebration of the Christmas season.

Alas! Time has flown by and with it all the childish delights of Santa, sweets and singing. In my teens I grew more thoughtful and meditative and Christmas brought with it a mood of pensive musing. One begins to wonder at the profundity of the simple lyrics of the internationally popular Christmas carol, "Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright." You can't fool yourself any longer and you are aware for the first time that things are not as they should be. The tinsel on the tree, the glitter of golden decorations and the false sense of bonhomie and camaraderie cannot compensate for the vacuous hollow in one's heart. Then comes the realisation that Christmas is not a season of peace and goodwill but a time to live extravagantly and keep up with the Joneses — in dress, in food and in entertainment.

I wonder what I can look forward to in the future Christmas seasons looking back to twenty years ago. I cannot help being struck by one aspect of Christmas — the complete lack of any Indian element in the celebration of the festival by Christians in the country. Christian children in India are still taught, as I was years ago, to associate Christmas with snowmen and sleigh bells, with stockings, roaring fires and crackling chestnuts. Our parties, dances and decorations are completely Western oriented.

The star, for instance, could take the form of an Indian lantern, the figures in the crib could be dressed in Indian costumes. Marzipans and almond rock could be replaced by traditional Indian sweets. Christmas cards could bear Indian designs instead of cold, wintry landscapes and robin redbreasts.

But this is only a pipe-dream with the modern Mangalorian or Bombay Christian woman sneering at the idea of wearing a saree. It is impossible to visualize a Christmas which is essentially Indian in flavour. Of course, one can't separate Christmas from Santa Claus and his load of gifts, but surely it is time our children stopped dreaming of a "white Christmas" or singing Christmas songs about "a partridge in a pear-tree."

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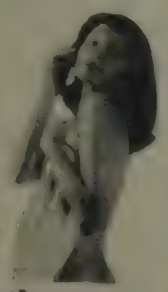

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BOMBAY'S "WESTERNISED" CATHOLICS : A STEREOTYPE?

The problem with communal image building, a favourite pastime in our country which is a melting pot of different religions and communities, is, that it is more often than not the negative qualities that are singled out for special comment. Thus Parsis are eccentric if not quite mad (too much ni-breeding, you know), Gujaratis (shudder) are so frightfully money-grubbing. Sindhis, oh horrors, so dishonest and such bad taste in everything etc. etc. The Christian community is supposedly, damned by its very origins: it owes its existence to the West and is a by-product of colonialism. Christians are stigmatised as too "westernised", a notion they have done much to encourage, and a cross-section of people from other communities that I talked to almost invariably resented this "pseudo-westernisation," as some preferred to call it, more than anything else.

On one level this "westernisation" consists in the fact that the Roman Catholics—primarily Mangaloreans, Goans and East Indians — often "prefer to dress in the Western way, they speak English and pretend not to know Indian languages, they listen to Western music and go out dancing," as Mrs. Bhatt said disapprovingly. But it is more than just aping the West, which is a tendency that many non-Christians have as well and which is probably our most tangible colonial legacy. What many non-Christians resent is the fact that most Christians don't identify with anything Indian, and on the contrary think it inferior. "I don't mind their being "westernised", but what I resent is their assumption that because of it they are in some way superior to you," says Gowri, a working girl who went to a convent school and lives in an area which has many Christians.

"I find the attitude of Bombay Christians irritating," says Miriam. I've heard them refer to other Indians as 'these people', dissociating themselves — like foreigners talking of 'these Indians'." Miriam is a Syrian Christian (a Kerala community) who belongs to the Indian Orthodox Church and admits that she gets very annoyed when people she meets especially in Bombay don't know the difference and club her with Bombay Roman Catholics. Apart from the doctrinal differences the main distinction between Bombay Christians and Syrian Christians is that the latter consider themselves as Indian as anyone else, and their lifestyle, too, is far from westernised. Miriam is married to a Hindu. "At the time of my wedding I found that some of my in-laws did have this RC stereotype in mind. My bhabi speaking of something, once said, 'We Indians do it this way, how do **you** do it?' and I understand guests at the wedding remarked on how well I looked in a sari, taking it for granted that I couldn't have been in the habit of wearing one often. Actually when I visit relations in Kerala I never wear anything but a sari. Syrian Christian women wear either a sari or the traditional garb which consists of a starched white cloth wound round the waist reaching to the ankles with a loose top, and something like a half-sari. We traditionally never wore dresses or pants."

Syrian Christians, as they are quick to point out don't owe their Christianity to English missionaries or Portuguese settlers. They were converted by St. Thomas, one of Christ's apostles, who landed on the south coast of India in the first century A.D. Consequently their conversion was purely religious — the social and cultural context didn't change as it did with the later converts. They do not have ties with the head of the Syrian Orthodox Church in Antioch as the Roman Catholics have with the Pope or the Anglicans have with the Anglican church. "Our social life is very like that of the Hindus. We have arranged marriages, there is segregation of men and women in the seating in Church, we remove our shoes before entering the Church. The lighting of oil lamps, use of incense and ringing of bells, if not specifically Hindu is a Middle Eastern influence, which is still oriental.

"Syrian Christians are somewhat contemptuous of anglicized Christians especially of Anglo-Indians, and inter-marriage is discouraged. Syrian Christians talk of the "Western" influence with all the reservations of orthodox Hindus. Most of us speak English but we generally learn to at least speak, if not read and write, Malayalam even if we don't live in Kerala."

Gina, a college student, explained the "westernisation" of some Christians like this. "Yes, we do have an unfortunate tendency to identify less with things Indian and that is wrong, though I feel that this attitude is perhaps not so widespread among my generation. But I think it is also very silly to criticise us for our

CATHOLICS TODAY ARE STILL CRITICISED FOR THEIR "UN-INDIANNESS", FOR FEELING THAT THEY OWE MORE THAN JUST THEIR RELIGION TO THE WEST

'western life style'. It is something we can't help. I don't see anything wrong in my preference for a dress rather than a sari and I can't help it if I happen to really enjoy listening to western 'pop' music and think that the Hindi equivalent is just caterwaulling. I think it isn't right to say that our Western life style is only due to our desire to ape the west — for some perhaps yes, but for many of us it is just that we have been born and bred into it and so it comes naturally."

Marie, a teacher in a big school in the city, also criticised this particular attitude on the part of Bombay Christians. But she felt that in certain areas a change was taking place. There was, for instance, a move to 'Indianise' the Catholic Church, though this is felt more in the north, and less in strongly community based areas like Goa and Mangalore. "The winds of change began to blow around 1957. The Church felt it had to Indianise itself. The Latin mass was replaced by the vernaculars, the organ was replaced by Indian musical instruments, pews were removed and the congregation sat on the floor, aarti is performed and some Mangaloreans and East Indians

BOMBAY'S "WESTERNISED" CATHOLICS, A STEREOTYPE?

wear the mangalsutra. We do feel now that the Church is more Indian. The heads of religious orders are very often Indians and not foreigners. The nuns in some orders wear saris and the priests have discarded their cassocks. But no, in Bombay three is little evidence of this change."

Though such an Indianisation of the Church may not seem very necessary, it is an acknowledgement of the fact that though its followers may be Christian in religion, their customs and traditions must inevitably be those of their country — in the case of many, of Hinduism. It would encourage also the idea that you can be both Indian and Christian at the same time.

Christianity has also been suspect in India as a proselytising religion. The Portuguese methods of conversion were more coersive than pesuasive and later there was the fear that British missionaries would force Christianity on the people. Some people still think so today. They point to the furore created mainly by Christians over the Freedom of Religion Bill, recently. Many non-Christians feel that converting others to their faith is one of the basic tenets of the Christian religion. "Go forth and preach to all nations, that is written in the Bible — and it exemplifies the missionary spirit," says Marie. "Conversion was the main aim, but I don't think that it is so today. Now the tendency is to go out into the villages and to serve the poor." But that has been described as a kind of bribery. In return for food and clothing, follow my religion. "I think that if these poor people do convert to Christianity it is out of a sense of gratitude, that someone at least has cared to come and help them. Quite often in their own homes many carry on with the old forms of worship."

"I'm a Hindu but I don't at all object to the dedicated missionary work people like Mother Teresa are doing," says Gowri, "If these poor people have a better life as a consequence, what does it matter who gave it to them?"

Convent schools are very popular educational establishments. Many people who condemn the excessive religious zeal of the Christians, or their "free" lifestyle, often send their children to convent schools. Mrs. Nair disapproves of certain things about the Christians. "The girls always wear very short skirts or tight pants and they think nothing of going out with boys and embracing in public. It is not at all the way a decent Indian girl should be brought up," said this orthodox old lady, and yet her own daughters were sent to a convent school and then provided with suitable husbands by

For every Eve, a fitting complement.
Lady Zodiac Panties!
Alluringly feminine! Delicate, extra s-t-r-e-t-c-h panties in new attractive prints.
And exciting colours. In super soft, imported "Spandex", Polyester, Nylon and Cotton blends.
Also in 100% cotton.
U-ZP-79
Lady ZODIAC
Panties

their parents. If she disapproves of this moral laxity, how come she sent her girls to a convent? "Oh the nuns are different. They do not permit any nonsense. Why, they changed the timing of the girls' lunch break so that it wouldn't coincide with that of the boy's school down the road. Besides, too many non-convent schools these days are co-ed." Had she no fears of the nuns forcing their religion on the non-Catholic girls. Mrs. Nair shook her head. "Of course I wondered in the beginning, but no incident occurred that I heard of. There was religious instruction but that was only for the Catholic girls. Non-Catholics had something called Moral Science which was just general ethics — don't steal don't lie and so on — so I felt safe."

Matrimonial ads boast of a girl's convent education, for that is taken to mean that she is both tolerably well educated and conservatively and decorously educated. "My daughter speaks English fluently. She was also taught useful things like sewing and embroidery which not many schools nowadays teach. My son too went to a school run by a Catholic religious order. It gave him a solid grounding in all his subjects," said a Maharashtrian father. Gowri, who was herself at a convent, said that she felt there was no discrimination against non-Catholic girls. "I have no personal experience of convents myself," said Miriam. "I've heard some ex-pupils say they are made to say prayers innumerable times a day, but if non-Catholic parents are upset by this religious zeal then they should take their children out of these schools. No one is forcing them to put their children in convent schools and yet there is such a great demand for a convent education."

The zeal to convert may not be so strong today but as a community Christians are more religious minded than most in this generally iconoclastic age. Children are stil made to attend Church regularly, Church on Sunday is still a must for most families, young and old alike make the sign of the cross when passing a Church, Catechism is still taught in Catholic schools. "My generation," says Marie who has grown-up children, "still believes fervently and we do impose our will on our children in this matter." Does it as a religion, extract blind faith from it's adherents? Shirin, for instance, felt that Christianity was an authoritarian religion that didn't encourage a thinking, questioning attitude. "I find them very shallow and definitely non-intellectual and I wonder if that is due to the non-questioning spirit the religion insists upon. My experience of Christians is limited. I did my college at St. Xavier's, Bombay, where I did meet a great many Catholics but none I could really relate to. I found their conversation trivial and superficial, and now that I travel daily on the train I find that really, all Christian girls seem to talk about, is clothes and make-up and boyfriends and what the boss said to me yesterday. And their reading matter seems to consist largely of English women's magazines and Mills & Boon romances."

"Traditionally the Church has extracted unquestioning obedience. It is about 80 per cent blind faith and 20 per cent reason," said Marie. ""I don't think that's such a bad thing when social norms everywhere are breaking down, but you can't harness a man's mind. Increasingly we feel today that we have to follow our own conscience in certain matters. Fewer people are taking to a religious vocation because they don't want to accept Church dogmas, in fact it is no longer regarded as a vocation but as a profession. An ex-nun or priest is no longer shunned as before, because we recognise that you can make a mistake in your choice of profession."

Continued on page 55

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

WELL - HOW'S THE WORRYING BUSINESS ?
GREAT! I PICKED UP THREE NEW CLIENTS TODAY -
EMILY, Inc. PROFESSIONAL WORRIER
MARY BEEKER'S PAYING ME TO WORRY ABOUT THE HIGH COST OF FOOD -
YOU'VE BEEN DOING THAT FREE FOR YEARS -
MOLLY'S HIRED ME TO WORRY ABOUT WHY HER SON HASN'T WRITTEN HER IN WEEKS -
GOOD!
"Let EMILY DO YOUR WORRYING"
THEN I HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT JANE'S HAIR FALLING OUT -
YOUR YEARS OF WORRYING ARE FINALLY PAYING OFF!
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5-13
SOON PEOPLE WILL BE PAYING YOU SO MUCH MONEY TO WORRY YOU WON'T HAVE ANY WORRIES OF YOUR OWN!
I KNOW -
SO WHAT ARE YOU WORRYING ABOUT?
I'M WORRYING ABOUT NOT GETTING PAID!
EMILY, Inc. PROFESSIONAL WORRIER

L. WOMAN

THAT'S A LAUGH!

A youngster was writing words for each letter of the alphabet which he had learned from his picture book. When he reached the letter Z he wrote Zoo, Zebra and Zark.

"What's a Zark?" asked his mother.

"You know, Mommy," he said. "Noah Zark."

* * *

A typographical error in a small town newspaper embarrassed one reader, but amused many others.

"As an encore, Miss Henriette Brown played an old favourite, 'Carry Me Back To Old Virginity.' "

* * *

"You look more gorgeous every day. What do you say we make a date for Saturday night?"

"I can't make it Saturday — I'm getting married on Saturday. How about Sunday?"

* * *

Was he a dope? He got up early one Saturday morning to let the iceman in. Unable to find his bathrobe he quickly put on his wife's kimono When he opened the door he was greeted by a nice big kiss from the iceman. And the only way he could figure it out was that the iceman's wife must have had a kimono just like the one he had on.

* * *

Two commuters were talking.

"How far is your home from the station?"

"Only a ten-minute walk," replied the other, "if you run."

* * *

A saleslady was trying to sell a new fashion in women's wear.

"If you remove the bodice of this outfit," she explained to the shopper, "you have a playsuit. If you remove the skirt you have a sunsuit. If you remove anything else, you'll have a lawsuit."

* * *

The following note was found on the flyleaf of a Bible:

If in trouble. See Psalm 50, verse 15.

If unhappy. See Ecclesiastes 7:3.

If in need of sleep. See Psalm 4, verse 8.

If lonesome. See Jeremiah 29:13.

If still lonesome. Call 455570 and ask for Barbara.

* * *

Three blase college students were at a loose end.

"What'll we do tonight?" asked one.

"I've got an idea," said another. "Let's toss a coin. If it's

heads, we'll go to the club dance. If it's tails, we'll go to the movies. And if it stands on edge, we'll study."

* * *

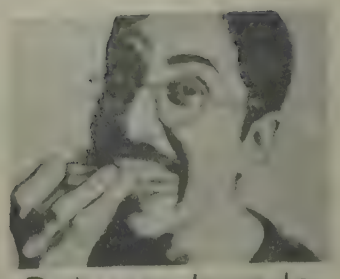
"Yes," hesitated the young newlywed. "These cakes are good but don't you think darling, there ought to be more —"

"Your mother made them," interrupted the bride.

". . . .of them?" he quickly recovered.

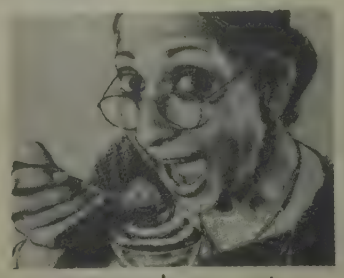
Compiled by George Fegradoe

On toasts



Between breads

Over crackers



With desserts

Inside puffs...

We're getting ourselves into a lot of jams to please you

NOGA

Mixed fruit jam
The choicest fruits get themselves into this jam.

Orange M-m-marmalade
Made from fresh-picked Nagpur oranges. A delicious way to enjoy an orange.

And 4 other fruity ways to toast yourself at breakfast

Pineapple jam
Mango jam
Strawberry jam
And **Guava jelly**

NOGA - IT'S ONLY NATURAL!

Maharashtra Agro-Industries Development Corporation Ltd. Noga Unit, Nagpur.

MAID 6/7

Leave that razor alone!

Cream hair away the lovely Anne French way

What's a girl like you doing with that razor? Shaving? But it's for men!

A razor cuts the hair from just above the skin surface, leaving behind an ugly razor stubble... even nicks and cuts! What you need is gentle, feminine Anne French Hair Remover.

It works below the surface of the skin where no razor can reach. And it's so simple to use. Just apply the cream. Wait a while...and wipe it off along with the unwanted hair.

And there you are—a lovelier you—with silky-smooth arms and legs for weeks!

Anne French*

HAIR REMOVER

Now in 2 fragrances

*Licensed User of T.M.

200 HR-302

EVE TODAY

Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

PURSUING THE TWIN GOALS OF CHILDREN'S AND WOMEN'S EDUCATION

Jyotsana Kapoor

Mrs. Pushpa Mehta, the new President of the Indian Council for Child Welfare, though gentle and soft spoken, is a woman with strong determination. Genuinely moved by the plight of poor women and children, she has been working relentlessly for the last 35 years for their rehabilitation, welfare and education. "I have a vision of what I want to do and a desire to achieve results. It is an immense task and I do not know how much I can achieve in my lifetime, but at least I am trying," she says.

Mrs. Mehta, who worked as Director of Rehabilitation and Social Welfare, Delhi, after Partition in 1947, says that she witnessed so much suffering and pain at that time that she vowed to devote her life to the uplift of women.

"Women in India have always been so dependent on the men that they have had no identity of their own. It was a pitiable sight to see women of good families come to India in 1947 with broken hearts, broken families, no money and with nothing to make them stand on their own feet. It was a stupendous task to rehabilitate them and to give them back their self-respect. It was then I realised that education for women was a must.

"Rehabilitating these women would not have been so difficult if they were educated. Even if they do not want to work, women can make good mothers and good citizens only if they are educated. Parents can give no better dowry to their daughters than a good education," she says.

Besides being the President of ICCW, Mrs. Mehta is a member or incharge of many other committees and organisations. Her work keeps her shuttling between Delhi, Gujarat and other parts of the country and though it tires her physically sometimes, it doesn't dampen her enthusiasm.

During her career, she has held many responsible positions including those of Secretary-General and Vice-President of two national organisations — the All-India Women's Conference and the Indian Council for Child Welfare. At present, she is President of ICCW, Chairman of the Gujarat Bal Kalyan Sangh and Chairman of the Creche Advisory Committee, and the Indian Council for Child Welfare. She is also the Member in-Charge of Nutrition and Child Care, A.I.W.C.; President of Vishva Bal Varsha Samiti, Gujarat; member of the Children's Board, Gujarat, and member of the Gujarat State Social Welfare Board. These are just a few of her multifarious activities.

PUSHPA MEHTA

Educating women and looking after the needs of pre-school children, according to Mrs. Mehta, are two major problems facing our country. "When I look back at all the years that I have been working, I feel that our society has not changed much where women are concerned. Exceptions are of course there, but most of the women are still dependent on men. Real education to me means bringing up girls with the idea that they are individuals and have an identity apart from their menfolk. It is then only that they can become better persons and better mothers, and bring up their children as healthy citizens.

"I think it is a sad reality that in spite of so much progess being made in all fields, the ratio of women to men is going down in India. The reason for this is the high birth rate and poor nutrition.

She also feels that equal stress, if not more should be laid on the pre-school period. This, according to her, is the most crucial period in a person's life as the maximum physical and mental development of a person takes place during this period. But with industrialisation and the breaking up of joint families, mothers cannot devote enough time to their small children. They usually get busy with their new born babies and there is no school or teacher to guide the older child.

"We must not forget that the child development period cannot be quickened. It needs a minimum time, and to achieve total development of a child, all three services of health, education and welfare must be combined. Every nation owes this to its children, she insists.

According to her, to achieve success in the field of family welfare, planned families and healthy mothers, immunisation of children in villages and slums is a very important factor. Women must be made conscious of the fact that if they have healthy children, there is no need to have more children. And fewer children mean healthy mothers. This can only be achieved through experienced village balwadi workers who can convince the villagers about the necessity of immunisation and various other services.

In order to bring about an over all development, ICCW has now started adopting some villages. Each state council is going to adopt four villages where none or only the minimum of the services have reached villagers. Efforts will be made to provide them with sustained and integrated services. Trained workers will be used to cater to the needs of the villagers and of pre-school children. Large-scale immunisation of children with concentration on prevention of blindness has been planned by the ICCW as a part of this scheme.

Continued on page 58

X'MAS GLAMOUR

Christmas festivities are fast approaching and everyone must be thinking about something pretty to wear, for Christmas is the occasion for dressing-up, the reason to look your very best. We've selected some favourite embroidered looks — in delicate Swiss style embroidery. Made up in cambrics, handloom crepes, rayon and polyester georgettes, organzas, organdies and raw silk fabrics with variations from single embroidered borders to heavy cutwork, eyelet work and guipure borders. Styled into glamorous and dazzling evening gowns, dresses and of course sarees, for you to wear romantically to a X'mas eve ball or a gala party at home!

1. Cheers for the cheerful twosome — broad embroidered borders accentuate this floral printed saree. An attractive combination of print and embroidery; falling straight from the armhole edge is this gingham outfit in red and black with tapered embroidered borders in front and back and delicate tie-up at the shoulder.

2. Bordered elegance — an organdie saree with double guipure borders at the pallav edge — rich enough to be worn on special occasions.

3. Night time's the right time for bright, sparkling colours that catch the eye when the lights go low. A checked saree in lovable peach with dainty embroidered borders in white.

4. A long, exciting story in elegant lines! This beautiful evening gown is styled from an organdie saree. For a sophisticated look, line it with a contrast coloured fabric.

5. Glamour galore for a very special night! A really pretty two-piece outfit, extravagantly tiered with embroidered borders for a totally feminine look.

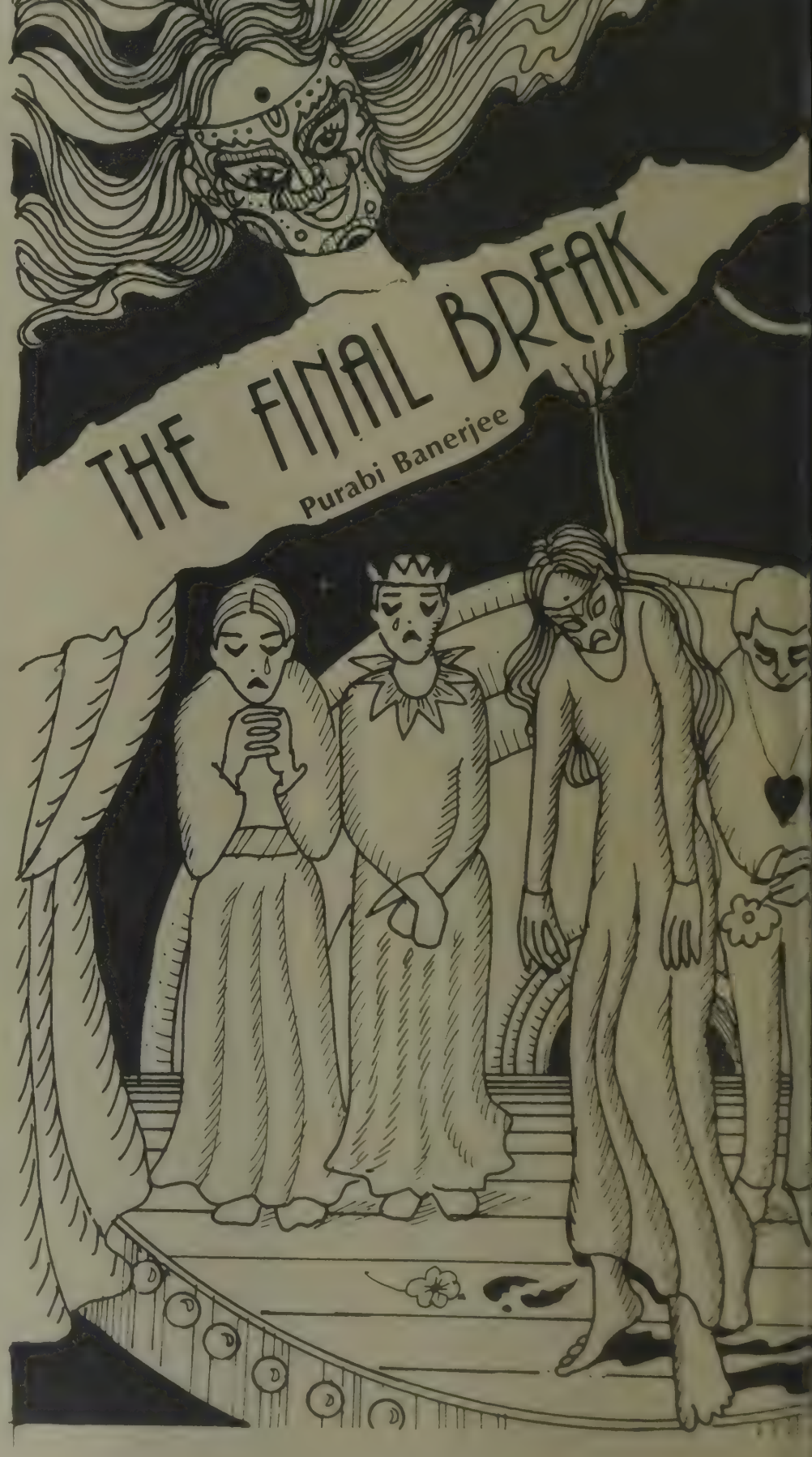
Courtesy : Hakoba—Fancy Corporation Ltd., Bombay.

Location Courtesy: Welcomhotel Searock, Bombay.

Photographs : Taiyeb Badshah

THE FINAL BREAK

Purabi Banerjee



KETAKI died today. An overdose of sleeping tablets, the doctor gave his verdict. The news had got round by the evening and we, her friends and admirers managed to reach her flat — to have one last look. Soma, my wife insisted on accompanying me. She was not a stranger to my feelings for the lovely person who seemed asleep rather than dead, but she understood. She had known Ketaki and was aware of her attraction — her enchanting charm.

Subroto was there too, looking even more haggard and drawn than he did these days. He spoke mechanically, without a flicker of emotion and seemed more dead than the body in front of him. He had been the last to see her alive, the previous night. No, he did not live here any more, they had started living separately by mutual consent, but he did drop in now and then

Did they have an argument, did he notice anything unusual, had anything happened to upset her? He just shook his head. There had been nothing. He had noticed nothing and she had told him nothing, at least nothing that could throw light on her death. They had talked for some time and she had offered to make him some coffee. But he had refused — doctor's orders. Too much tea and coffee was bad for ulcers.

* * *

As he droned on, I was for a moment lifted from the dining room full of the presence of death and middle aged people cowering before it, each afraid his turn might come next. I went back in time, about twenty-five years or so. Presidency College in those days was rather different from what it is now. It was the college to go to and any one with ambitions and brains went there.

No, I was not in the forefront of the student crowd those days. My results had always been good, but that was all. I had neither the confidence nor the ability to stand out in a crowd. I did not contest union elections. I was not surrounded by a bevy of admiring girls. I was rather terrified of them. They made me lose whatever little poise I had, till I made a fool of myself by perspiring, stammering and in various other ways, giving them ample reason to giggle and make fun of me.

It was not really my fault. That was the way I had been brought up. While other boys walked up boldly to the girls' common room and sent notes in, I had palpitations, at the very thought. Of course, I tried to be a bit more adventurous towards the fair sex. But after a few misadventures, and threats from my father to disown me (he had been "informed" about my doings by "well wishers") I became resigned to my fate. I knew my shortcomings and decided not to try what I would never be able to achieve.

But the day I saw Ketaki, all these misgivings disappeared. She had just joined college and her subject was Economics. In those days girls generally went in for Literature, Philosophy or History. But Economics! My eyebrows went up, almost disapprovingly.

A look at her confirmed my worst suspicions. She was a chit of a girl, with enormous black eyes, and jet black hair which rippled in a plait, the end of which she had the habit of coiling and uncoiling round her finger as she spoke.

And when we heard her voice, we were enthralled. There was so much warmth in it, that it captivated everyone present and soon most of the boys and girls, not to mention a few lecturers, were under her spell. She was impulsive, hot headed and often lost her temper, but none of these diminished even a little bit of her charm. And, she had brains. What had occurred to us during the inter-class debate, was soon confirmed by the results. She did not top the list, but was a close second.

What could be more natural than my falling in love with her, hopelessly, head over heels? Of course, I was not the only one. There were others who lost their hearts to her. We must have bothered her a lot with our offerings — love lorn letters, bad poetry made worse by its protestations of love, but she never got upset. With a maturity strange for her age, she treated all of us kindly but firmly, at the same time taking care not to offend.

Acting was one of her biggest talents and I am sure she used it in dealing with us as well. The college dramatic society found the most dedicated member in her. She translated plays, got them staged with the help of Mr. Banerjee, our Shakespeare lecturer and acted in them. I always stood by trying to help her behind the scenes. I had been invited to some of the play reading sessions, but the very thought of going on the stage made my knees shake. Even now, if I have to make a speech, I intersperse them with hums and haws and clutch at something for support.

Subroto was a research scholar in the university, an intellectual who looked like one too with his untidy clothes, tousled hair and glasses. I did not know him personally, and told Ketaki so when she wanted to be introduced to him. That did not deter her and she went right ahead. The day I saw the two of them together in the coffee house, I felt almost insane with jealousy.

I knew she did not really love me, but ours had been a comfortable kind of relationship. Now there was another person, one who counted more with her. I stopped talking to her, very childishly, but there was nothing else I could do. I could never be an intellectual like Subroto, at best I dreamed of getting into the IAS or allied services like the I.P.S. That would be too commonplace for her, I thought bitterly to myself.

Mercifully, the final examination drew close and blotted out everything from my mind except

preparation for it. With an intensity close to vengeance I set to study and was not surprised to see my name much higher than usual when the results came. She had done well, but not too well. She looked a bit tired. When someone asked her what she was planning to do, she looked surprised. "Why, research of course. Dr. Ghosh has promised to take me on. I think he's the best guide available."

Gestetner had offered me a job — a really good one, and I accepted it. An office job takes up a lot of one's time, specially a job in a private firm. Unlike the government they are hard taskmasters and squeeze out every bit of one's energy. It left me no time to visit my old haunts.

I looked back nostalgically upon my college days which now seemed so long ago. Most of the time I had to go to office on Saturdays as well, being a probationer. Only on Sundays I was free, but the coffee house was closed on Sundays. I hadn't met Ketaki for ages — in the sphere in which I now moved there was not the slightest chance of bumping into her. I wondered how she was getting along. I thought of writing a letter to her, even started it a few times, and then gave up the idea.

ACTING WAS ONE OF HER BIGGEST TALENTS AND I AM SURE SHE USED IT IN DEALING WITH US AS WELL. THE COLLEGE DRAMATIC SOCIETY FOUND THE MOST DEDICATED MEMBER IN HER

A few months later I did get an afternoon off. One of our managing directors had died and after a condolence meeting a holiday was declared. In my secondhand Baby Hindustan I headed for the university. As I reached there and got out of the car, a host of memories overwhelmed me. One never realises how carefree and happy college life is till one leaves it.

The coffee house was just the same, only most of the faces were unfamiliar. As I entered, I tried to spot familiar faces. Ah! There she was sitting with a few others, most of whom I did not know. As I joined them, I was introduced all around. Ketaki greeted me warmly and I was happy — very happy — till Subroto joined us. She was obviously still very much in love with him. She did not say much, but her eyes spoke volumes as they rested on his face. Subroto sent out a casual "Hi!" across the table and remarked on my clothes.

"That's a gorgeous suit. Where did you get it made?" I stiffened. The words were harmless but coming from him and the smile on his face made me sure he was laughing at me. I tried to retain my calm, something that my job had taught me and succeeded. Conversation flowed. There were so many things happening in the university and Ketaki was involved with them all. Dramas, debates, exhibitions; they did not interest me any more.

I had come hoping that I would be able to take Ketaki over to a quiet place in Park Street for coffee and revive old memories if nothing else, but that was out of the question now. Not only because of Subroto's presence but also because I realised that she belonged here, whereas I had outgrown it.

When about half an hour later a bell rang and the group dispersed, Ketaki told me that she was engaged to Subroto and asked me to attend their marriage. It was to be a simple affair on the first of next month; neither of them believed in rites.

I could not go to the marriage though I had promised her. I felt bad but it could not be helped. I had to go on a tour to Orissa around the same time, something that could not be postponed. So I sent a telegram and arranged for a large bouquet to be delivered on the marriage day and eased my conscience like the typical company executive.

For a long time I did not hear from them. Mutual friends told me that she had got a teaching job in the Scottish Church College and was deeply involved in dramatics — busy translating plays for **"Natyakar"**, a very active drama group, and acting also. Subroto had gone abroad on an exchange programme and was returning soon. They did not have any children. I did not have any time to watch plays.

Meanwhile I got married and Soma, my wife, did not miss a single play and told me all about them at a time when either I was busy with the files I brought home regularly or when I was dropping off to sleep with fatigue.

My marriage had been quite uneventful but happy. I had noticed Soma in college — she was quite a bit junior to me, and I had never spoken to her. She was one of those girls who go home straight after college and look at the ground when they speak to boys. But as a wife she was excellent — very understanding and not at all demanding.

Ours had been a purely arranged match and we had hardly exchanged ten words before the wedding night. She knew about my crush on Ketaki, like everyone else in college and told me so in a matter of fact manner. But that was that. She did not make a fuss about it.

One day, she managed to get two tickets for a play (I forget the name) and insisted that I see it. It had been running for weeks, though it was a non-commercial drama and she knew I'd enjoy it. When I pleaded my usual excuse — work — she'd have none of it. "Oh, don't give me that excuse every time. You were so interested in plays in college. Don't tell me you've lost all interest now. You must come"

I did not have the heart to say no. After all, I did not give her much of my company, so I promised to accompany her.

I met Ketaki at the theatre after six years. For a few moments I hardly recognized her. She looked so different. She had cut her hair absurdly short, something that made her face look thinner and somehow pathetic, almost like a waif's. It was Soma who pointed her out to me. She was smoking. No, I have nothing against women smoking, I smoke myself, but there was something in the abandon with which she inhaled which made me feel uneasy.

During the interval I went up to her and said "hello." She spoke to Soma and me with her old warmth, but I noticed her hands trembling at times. When I pointed it out to her, she laughed it off. "Nothing to be scared of, just nerves, that's all."

She asked Soma about our daughter Sahana and promised to come and look us up. I noticed she was alone. I enquired about Subroto. "Oh, he's busy. You know, he has no time for plays like you." She tried to laugh it off, but her answer seemed evasive, but I did not want to probe.

She kept her promise. She came with a big box of chocolates for Sahana. She took almost hysterical delight over the child and overwhelmed her with aff-

Continued on page 52

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KUCHIPUDI AS BALLET

RAJA AND RADHA REDDY

Raja and Radha Reddy have given a new dimension to the age old art of Kuchipudi. If Kuchipudi today is a major Indian classical dance form, the credit goes in no small measure to this husband-wife team for its single-minded pioneering efforts.

In the early days of their career the Reddys (who are not Brahmins) were not afraid to break the orthodox barriers which prevented the full flowering of Kuchipudi. Until recently, this classical dance could only be performed by Brahmins in keeping with the instruction of the mystic teacher Siddhendra Yogi (1350-1450). Raja and Radha Reddy took up this as a challenge. Their moment of triumph came when having perfected their dancing of Kuchipudi, they performed in the village of Kuchelapuram, the home of Kuchipudi dance, and were highly acclaimed for their performance not only by the audience but by the temple Brahmin priests as well.

Their performances for over a decade in India and abroad have gained them a reputation for their mastery of abhinaya, flawless footwork and perfection of technique. As Kuchipudi artistes they are virtually unique because they always perform as a couple.

In 1967 Raja and Radha Reddy performed together for the first time in Delhi. "The Times Of India" dance critic commented, "Radha and Raja's recital should be an eye-opener to many professional and self-styled artistes in our country."

Since then they have danced in many cities and towns of India, appeared in TV programmes, performed at Rashtrapati Bhavan and participated in programmes organised by the Sangeet Natak Akademi and other organisations.

Raja and Radha Reddy participated in the 1974 International Dance Festivals held at Avignon, France and Salzburg, Austria. At the invitation of various foreign cultural organisations they have danced in New Orleans, U.S.A., and in many cities of Europe.

In March 1979 at the invitation of the Indian Council for Cultural Relations, New Delhi, Raja and Radha Reddy performed in Indonesia, Thailand and Singapore. "The Bangkok Post" dance critic aptly summed up their performance: "Raja and Radha Reddy performed dances with great skill, coordination and vigour... To my mind the duo were like statues of an Indian god and goddess coming alive... We could see the living image of Lord Shiva or Lord Krishna dancing as we have seen in statues, paintings and from the visions formed from reading about India. . .

Radha's soft, lyrical, and at times sensuous charm combines with Raja's vigour and masculine movements to portray a sense of identity with classical characters from Hindu mythology like Shiva and Parvati, Rama and Sita, Krishna and Radha — a revelation as it were of the twin concept of Prakriti and Parusha, the male-female principle which forms the core of Hindu philosophy.

Raja and Radha were trained by the eminent Kuchipudi Gurus Vedanta Prahlada Sarma and P. V. G. Krishna Sarma. The two dancers are now teaching Kuchipudi to promising pupils at their institute, "Natya Tarangam," New Delhi.

Kuchipudi derives its name from the village Kuchelapuram, in Andhra Pradesh, where it grew largely as a product of the Bhakti movement which commenced in the 7th century A.D. Like most classical dance forms of India, Kuchipudi draws its sustenance from the principles enunciated in Bharata's "Natya Sastra".

During an exclusive interview with this writer Raja and Radha Reddy spoke of their early difficulties, their innovations in Kuchipudi dance and their future plans.

Radha was five years old when she was married to Raja who was then sixteen. As a child she was fond of watching Kuchipudi artistes perform in her village. After she returned home she delighted in imitating their movements and gestures. At that time she knew nothing about Raja, and she often wondered if he would approve of her love for dancing. Imagine her joy when she came to know through her father that Raja was not taking his college studies seriously in Hyderabad. . . instead he was devoting long hours to rehearsing Kuchipudi dances!

Raja, who won a fellowship to the Natya Institute of Choreography, New Delhi, pointed out that if he had not had this training he would have been unable to create Kuchipudi ballets. The Institute provides a comprehensive three-year course which comprises among other subjects libretto-writing, composition, direction and staging of ballets.

Commenting on his ballet compositions, Raja said, "I have composed 15 duets from mythological themes on Shiva and Parvati, Krishna and Radha... We often adapt solo dances for our duets. The Tarangam, for instace, is a solo Kuchipudi dance which I have turned into a duet."

Many of Raja's subjects for Kuchipudi ballet compositions come from temple architecture and sculpture. He does not, however, see how contemporary stories can be enacted through Kuchipudi. "One can describe a chariot but to describe a car, a bicycle or an aeroplane new expressions in music and dance will have to be formulated. . . requiring a genius to interpret modern themes in Kuchipudi style."

Radha said with a laugh, "We often argue while creating new ballets ... this shows us both the good and bad points of a particular idea."

But, complains Raja, "Whatever the specialisation, whatever the merits of the dancers, no one really cares for their welfare. . . Many cultural organisations which ought to be above favouritism, have their own vested interests in promoting and popularising some mediocre dancers. . . In art only merit should count, nothing else. . ."

The Reddys aim to popularise Kuchipudi in many countries of the world and they are steadily and dedicatedly working towards the fulfilment of this aim.

Usha John

CHILDREN'S HOUR

It's hard to imagine Christmas without its party celebrations, festive cakes, gaily decked X'mas tree, tinsel, glittering decorations and tiny surprise sweets wrapped in colourful paper. Here we have a selection of special but simple ideas for a children's party. Sandwiches with varied, interesting fillings, fancy tea-cakes and colourful lollipops can be served. The rich fruit cake takes the pride of place in the centre of the table. And, the more varied the choice, the merrier the eating goes!!

Pramila Lal

CHOCOLATE WALNUT CAKE

120 grams margarine
120 grams sugar
60 grams chocolate
120 grams self-raising flour
2 eggs
Pinch of salt

Grease and line a 7-in cake tin Pre-heat the oven. Cream the margarine and sugar until white and fluffy, then add well-beaten eggs gradually. Fold in sieved flour and salt, and lastly add the

chocolate. If necessary, add a little milk to make a soft dropping consistency. Bake for 35-40 minutes until well risen and firm to the touch and turn on the wire tray to cool. Cover the top with chocolate glace icing or any other coloured icing of your choice. Decorate with walnuts.

MARZIPAN FRUITS

125 grams sugar
85 grams butter or margarine
85 grams semolina
75 grams almonds (ground)
½ tsp. vanilla essence
½ tsp. almond essence

Put the sugar with about 6 tbsps. water in a pan to boil till a thick syrup is formed but do not allow it to change colour. Melt the butter in a separate pan and mix in the semolina till lightly brown. Mix in the ground almonds and essence, then add to the syrup and cook over low heat for a few minutes till blended. Cool, separate into 3 portions and colour each a different colour. Shape into desired shapes of fruit. i.e. red for cherries and strawberries, green for bananas and yellow for peaches and pears.

NOUGAT CHEWIES

185 grams flour, sifted
125 grams butter
250 grams sugar
1 egg yolk

Prepare nougat by taking half the amount of sugar and melt it in a clean pan over medium heat, stirring till it turns to the colour of molasses. Pour this in a small buttered thali and allow it to cool and harden, then crush in a mortar into coarse grains.
Blend the remaining sugar and butter till creamy and fluffy. Stir in the egg yolk and 2 tsp. water and mix well. Blend in about one third of the sifted flour, then stir in the crushed nougat. Mix in the remaining flour and knead a little. Make a roll about ¾ inch diameter from the dough and slice into rounds about ½ inch thick. Place on a baking tray and bake in a pre-heated moderated oven for about 10 minutes. Cool and preserve in airtight tins.

CURRANT COOKIES

250 grams flour
125 grams butter
125 grams castor sugar
1 tsp. baking powder
100 grams currants
1 egg
A pinch of salt

Cream together the butter and sugar. Sieve together the flour, baking powder and salt, and stir into the butter and sugar. Beat egg yolk lightly and add together with raisins and mix to a soft pliable dough. Roll out and cut into desired shapes. Bake on a greased tray in a moderate oven for about 12-15 minutes. Cool and store.

BROWNIES

250 grams flour
175 grams butter
175 grams castor sugar
2 tsps. baking powder
2 tbsps. nuts, chopped
3 tbsps. dry fruits, chopped
2 tbsps. cocoa
A pinch of salt

Cream together the butter and sugar till light and fluffy. Work in the flour, baking powder, cocoa and salt. Mix in the fruits, nuts and milk till a thick batter is formed.

Add more chopped fruit and milk if necessary. Put spoonful of butter on a greased baking tray and bake in a moderate oven for about 15 minutes.

CREAM HORNS

250 grams flaky pastry dough
2 tbsps. castor sugar
A little jam
Egg white
Whipped cream enough to fill in the required horns

Roll out the dough on a floured board. Cut into ½" long strips, crosswise. Grease the metal horn tins and wind these strips carefully around, slightly overlapping each strip. Dust with castor sugar. Put on a baking tray, lightly brush with egg white and bake for 10 minutes in a hot oven. After ten minutes remove the metal cases. Cool. Put a small quantity of jam at the bottom and fill the horn cases with whipped cream.

CHICKEN SANDWICH SPREAD

3 cups cooked chicken, flaked
1 tbsp. lemon juice
2 green chillis
1 tsp. prepared mustard
1 onion
1 tsp. ghee
Chilli powder
Salt

Heat the ghee. Fry the onions. Remove from fire and grind with the chicken and chillis. Add the seasoning, mustard and the lemon juice. (If dry add butter or mayonnaise) This will keep in the refrigerator for two or three days. Prepare sandwiches and decorate with lettuce.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

240 grams flour
240 grams butter
240 grams dark sugar
240 grams currants
240 grams sultanas
120 grams glace cherries
A little rum or brandy
½ tsp. baking powder
120 grams orange peel, chopped
120 grams lemon peel, chopped
30 grams ground almonds
¼ tsp. mixed spices
4 eggs

Cream the butter and sugar. Add the beaten eggs one at a time, beating well. Add a little flour with the last egg or two, if the mixture shows any sign of curdling. Put all the other dry ingredients together and add them to the mixture. Put in the rum halfway through. Stir the mixture well so that all the ingredients are well blended. Put the mixture into a well greased double-lined cake tin and bake in a slow oven until thoroughly cooked (about 3 hours).

CHEESE PUFFS

100 grams cheese
1 tsp. coriander, chopped
Breadcrumbs
½ tsp. chilli powder
Salt and pepper to taste
2 eggs

Separate eggs and use only the whites. Preserve the yolks for later use. Grate cheese, add the coriander, chilli, salt and pepper. Beat egg whites till stiff. Add to the above mixture. Mix gently and shape into balls. Coat with breadcrumbs and fry in deep hot ghee till light brown. Serve hot with chutney or sauce.

PEACH ICE CREAM

1 tin sweetened condensed milk
1 litre milk
1 tsp. salt
2-3 egg yolks
2 tsps. vanilla
1 cup peach puree
1 cup peaches, chopped

Warm the milk and dissolve the condensed milk in it. Beat the egg yolks and stir in the milk gradually. Put the mixture in a double boiler and cook for 15 minutes stirring continously till the mixture turns smooth and thick as mayonnaise. Cool and stir in the essence. Pour the custard into ice-trays and freeze, covered, till nearly set. Remove and beat till a little light and smooth. Stir in peaches. Freeze till set.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive, from January 1980, in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize,

1) A 9-cup Storefresh container from **TRU PTI INDUSTRIES,** Bombay, 2) A Gift Hamper from **CORN PRODUCTS** containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Jelly, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine and, 3) A compact gift packet containing all the Spices and Spice powders from **P. MITTULAUL LALAH & SONS,** Madras.

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RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Chanchal Sarin, New Delhi.

VEGETARIAN CARROT CAKE

2 cups flour (maida)
2 cups sugar
1 cup curd
1 cup butter, melted
1 cup peanuts or cashewnuts, chopped
3 cups carrots, grated
2 tsps. soda
2 tsps. baking powder
2 tsps. cinnamon
½ tsp. salt

Sift the flour, baking powder, soda, cinnamon and salt. Mix sugar and curd together in a bowl. Add the sifted flour. Mix well. Add the cashewnuts and grated carrots, mixed with one tablespoon of flour. Pour a cup of melted butter and lightly stir. Turn into three, eight inches greased and floured cake pans and bake in a moderate oven, approximately for 30 minutes. Cool the cake. Sandwich together with sweetened whipped cream. Top with cream and decorate as desired.

Mrs. Juliana Almeida, Bangalore.

CARROT-BANANA-NUT CAKE

¾ cup double refine oil
1 cup sugar
½ cup honey
4 eggs, beaten with 1 tsp. vanilla essence
2 cups whole wheat flour
1½ tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
2 cups carrot, grated
1 cup banana, mashed
1 cup peanuts, chopped or crushed

FOR DECORATION :

3 tbsps. butter
1 cup icing sugar or finely ground sugar
5 glucose biscuits

In a large mixing bowl cream the oil, sugar and honey, till smooth. Add the beaten eggs a little at a time alternately adding the flour sieved with baking powder and salt. Finally add the carrots, banana and nuts and mix well. Pour batter into a large well-greased cake pan. Bake in preheated oven for one hour.

FOR THE DECORATION :

Cream the butter and a little sugar for two to three minutes, gradually adding sugar. Apply a thick smooth coating of the butter icing on top of cake. Coarsely crush the biscuits and sprinkle over the icing.

WEEKLY WINNER

ROSE MEHTA, Secunderabad.

Mrs. Rose Mehta wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml. Coconut Oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

X'MAS SURPRISE PARCEL CAKE

FOR THE CAKE :

2 cups flour
4 eggs
1½ cups cooking fat
4 tbsps. castor sugar
2 tbsps. honey
1½ tsps.baking powder
1½ tsps. cardamom powder
½ tsp. cinnamon powder
½ tsp. nutmeg, grated
A pinch of salt
1½ cups currants
½ cup cherries, chopped
½ cup candied peels, chopped
1 cup cashewnuts, chopped
3 tbsps. almond, ground (optional)
2 tbsps. brandy
3 tbsps. jaggery, powdered

FOR THE SURPRISE LAYER :

9 gulab jamuns, sliced
1½ cups mixed barfi, pedas, jalebis, chopped roughly
Syrup from gulab jamuns to soak the cake
1 tbsp. brandy
1½ cups white unsalted butter
2½ cups icing sugar
2 tbsps. cocoa powder
Little milk

Cream fat, sugar, jaggery and honey to a light and fluffy texture. Add the beaten eggs and mix thoroughly. Fold in sieved flour, spices and salt alternately with dry fruits and brandy.

Place the mixture in a greased cake tin lined with grease proof paper. Bake in a slow oven 250°F for three to four hours. Let it cool in the tin. Remove and cut the cake in half, horizontally. Soak with syrup, mixed with brandy and sandwich with the sweetmeat pieces.

TO ICE THE CAKE :

Cream butter, icing sugar, milk and cocoa until soft and light. Coat top and sides of cake with the chocolate icing. Tie the cake with a fancy ribbon, and attach a wafer biscuit, pipped "greetings" to resemble a parcel.

COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

A Scheme For The Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

All cookery contestants for the monthly Cookery Queen contest will have to send in their recipes non-vegetarian or vegetarian according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

February, 1980
DAL PREPARATIONS

March, 1980
SOUFFLES — SAVOURY OR SWEET

April, 1980
COCONUT VARIETIES

All entries for February should reach us latest by January 5, March entries by February 5, and April entries by March 5, 1980.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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A MEANINGFUL FUTURE FOR BLIND WOMEN

CLASS-ROOMS ARE AIRY AND BRIGHT, PILLOWS AND SHEETS, REFRESHINGLY CLEAN. THE INMATES SMILE RADIANTLY, THE WARMTH IN THEIR FACES OVERSHADOWING THE BLANKNESS OF THEIR EYES

Jyotsna Sheth

Occupying a three-storeyed building in Andheri on land generously donated by the Government of Maharashtra, is the Industrial Home for Blind Women started in 1957 as a modest workshop in a shed in the Dadar School for the Blind, primarily for its orphan girls who often found themselves stranded upon finishing school. Today, the Home has nearly 40 inmates and other day-workers, and plans have already been made to add two more wings so that twice the number can be accommodated. The popularity of the Home is due to its comprehensive vocational and rehabilitation programme. Most of the women trained there are being readily absorbed in industries and thus the Home has come to mean a chance at a meaningful and dignified future for these handicapped women.

Encircled by pleasant trees, the Home exudes a welcoming atmosphere. The building itself has an open, inviting look and it was with an agreeable feeling that I crossed the entrance, refreshed by the cool, fresh breeze. Accompanying me was the chairman of the Home. Hansa Mehta who, like a fond parent, almost throughout the ride from Bombay to Andheri kept feeding me with information on the accomplishments of her girls. And it was the same intense involvement and pride that Mr. A. T. Bamankar, the superintendent-in-charge, displayed. As soon as we were seated in his room, he insisted on showing me photographs of the Home's various activities.

Muted, happy sounds filtered through the windows. The air was alive with life as in any other academic institution. Blindness is no doubt a tragedy, but with so much to live for, it seemed to have ceased to matter for the inmates of this institution. This confidence showed among the inmates at their various occupations — weaving, tailoring, plastic moulding, cane work, broom making, etc.

The class-rooms are bright and airy. The women's uniform, green with white choli, reflected the tranquil spirit of the place. Upon being introduced, the inmates smiled radiantly and the warmth in their faces overshadowed the blankness of their eyes.

The looms in the weaving section were humming rhythmically. They were moving at a speed which made it difficult to imagine that the women working there were blind. Mr. Bamankar, to prove the efficiency of the women, deliberately snapped off a thread from a bobbin at one loom. Immediately sensing the flaw with her finger, the woman

ABOVE : The three-storeyed Industrial Home for Blind Women in Andheri, Bombay, built on land donated by the Maharashtra Government. BELOW : The inmates of the institution seen at broom making.

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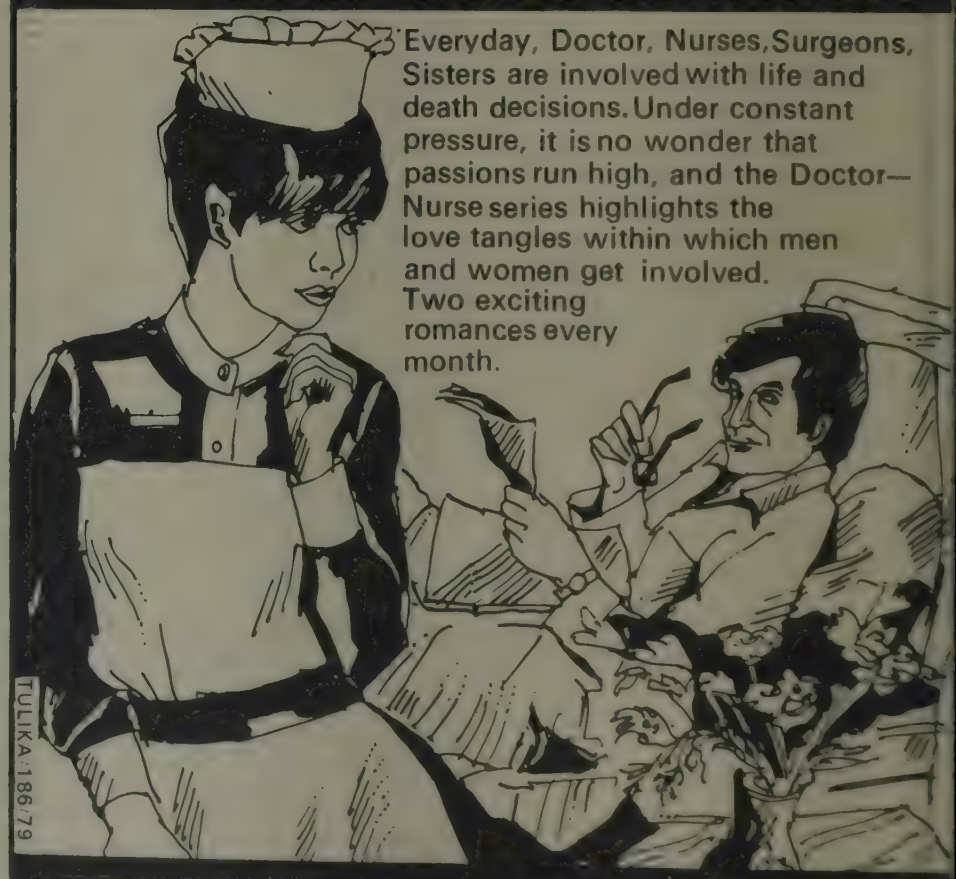

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A MEANINGFUL FUTURE FOR BLIND WOMEN

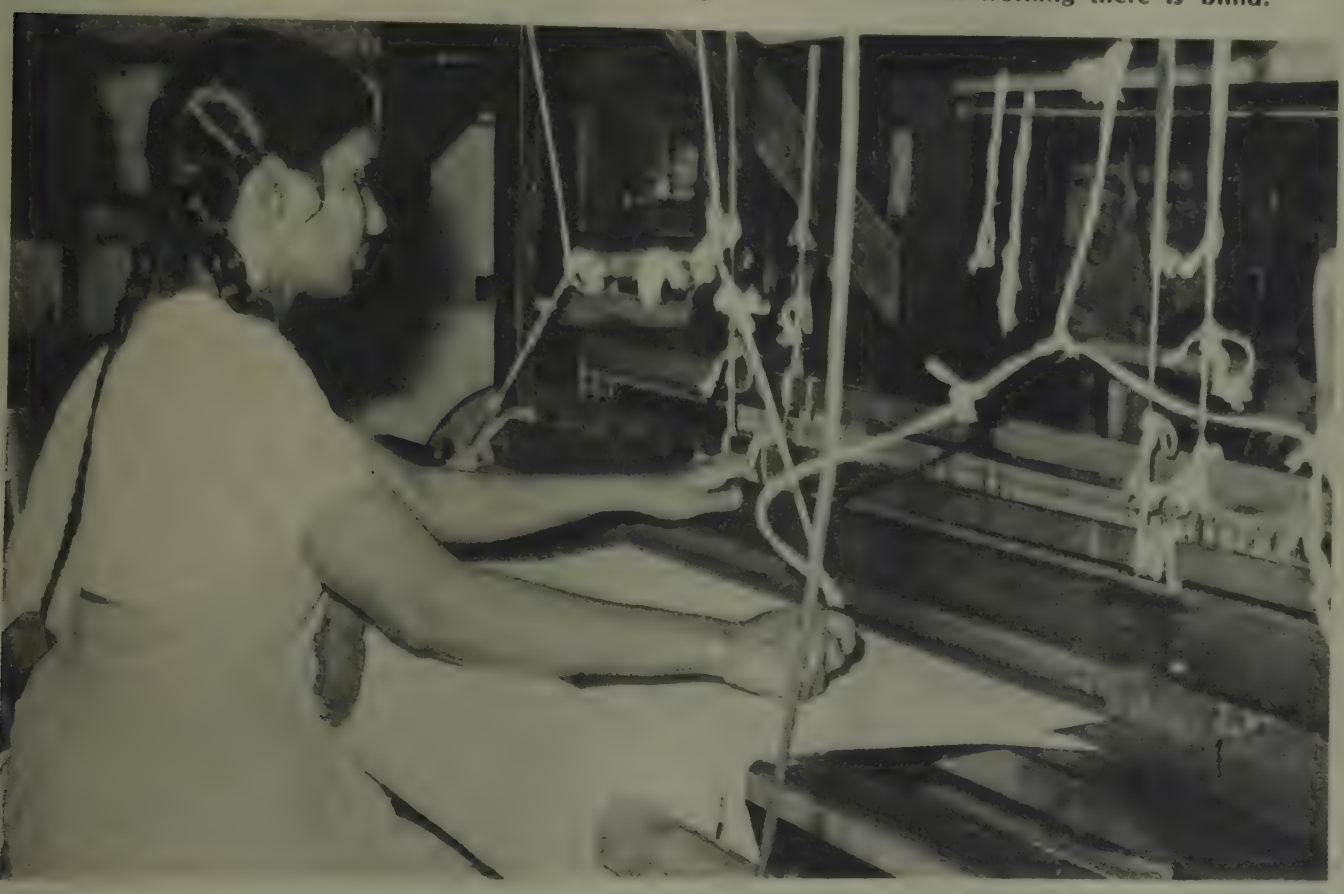
operating it soon corrected it and continued as before. Any sighted person could not have done it faster.

The women are paid on piece rate basis. Regular orders have been secured for their products, but the income thus earned, though helpful, is barely adequate to cover all the expenses. So they are met by occasional fund raising drives and donations. The lodging is entirely free for a period of four years; subsequently an inmate can continue to stay on payment of a modest Rs. 45 per month.

Every effort is made by the Home to rehabilitate the women either through work or marriage. Generally, one blind person marries another, but there have been heart warming instances of

Trainees in the cane-work section.

The looms in the weaving section move at a speed which makes it difficult to imagine that the woman working there is blind.



men with perfectly good vision choosing a blind bride.

"The story of Shanta Vaidyar, one of our brightest inmates, is such as to thrill any romantic heart," Mr. Bamankar said with a smile. "She was earlier with the Dadar School and then came to us. An exceptional student, Shanta was the first blind woman to graduate from Nirmala Niketan. She is now an M.S.S. (Master in Social Science) and mother of a one-year-old son. She met her husband Mr. Narsimhan, who presently works in the Shipping Corporation of India, through his sister and, like in films, they fell in love, and though he was an only son, he insisted upon marrying her. We all attended the wedding." And Mr. Bamankar showed me their photograph — the faces were arresting in their shining happiness.

The Home, in addition to vocational courses, also helps the women learn how to launder, light a fire, cook, etc. as the ultimate objective is to make them as self-reliant as possible. The mobility classes are run with the same view. Through a systematic programme, they train the women to confidently negotiate the busy city streets on their own.

The Home has a modest Braille library, but the members of the Mahila Mandal of Vile Parle and other women's organisations have made it a practice to read regularly to the inmates. For recreation, there is piped music in the rooms and a TV set The programmes, even if not seen, are greatly enjoyed through the sound.

The annual show is an event when the women put up a play. "And believe me," commented Mr. Bamankar, "the action is more vivid for being imagined." The Home hopes to acquire soon cards, Chinese chequers and a chess board in Braille.

Along with physical rehabilitation, equal importance is being paid to problems of the mind. In charge is Dr. B. P. Shah, a noted psychiatrist, whose responsibility is to see to the inmates' emotional and mental well-being.

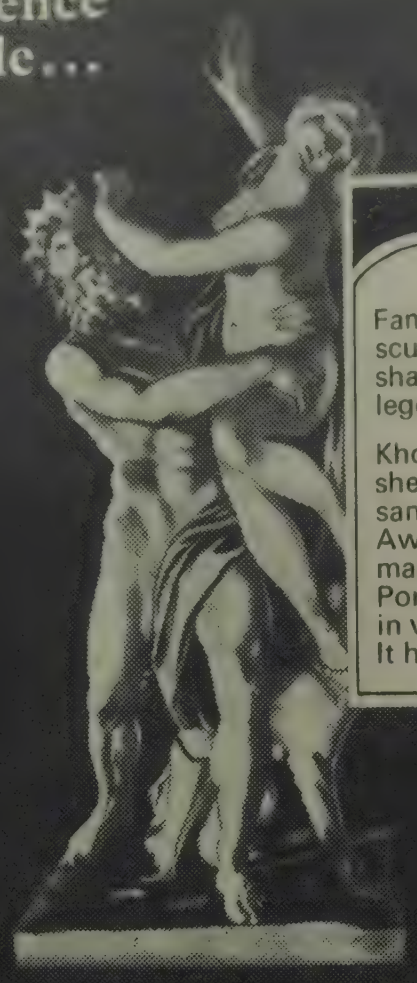
All these activities mean money, and every year it is the same juggling with the budget to try and make both ends meet. "We are continuously thinking up ways to raise more finance," confessed Hansa Mehta. "Donations and grants take care of the heavy expenses, but the recurring costs are always a big headache."

The Food Fund scheme, among others, is proving greatly popular. Upon a well-wisher donating Rs. 1,000, an ordinary meal is arranged for the trainees every year on any specified date of the donor's choice. For Rs. 2,000 the meal served is really festive. And can there be any better way to celebrate or commemorate an occasion than by making the less fortunate happy on that day?

The dormitory is on the top floor. There are six beds to a room, but with enough space between them for free and easy movement. The pillows and sheets are refreshingly clean. The canteen on the same floor is equally cheery and bright with its shining array of steel vessels. It was yet too early for the afternoon meal, but we were treated to a special musical programme by the Home's orchestra, greatly in demand at popular functions. What was played was a prayer, and it lifted up our spirits heavenward. The women smiled shyly as they rested their instruments after the brief performance. Their happiness in being invited to perform was obvious and a promise was wrested that we would soon visit them again.

Downstairs, as we prepared to leave, an aged woman in her late 60's boldly approached Hansaben. She had some complaints to make, but it was the grouse of a person who felt thoroughly at home.

Magnificence in Marble...



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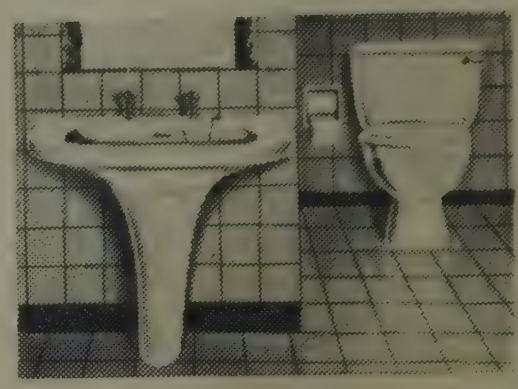

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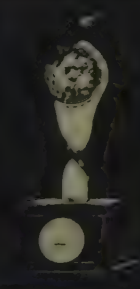

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Intercommunications

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STEP BY STEP COOKERY

A FAN-CY CAKE

You need not be a budding baker to make your own cake in fancy shapes. Follow instructions given by JYOTI PAREKH to get perfect results out of your cake — children will adore it!

FOR THE SPONGE:

1½ cups flour; ½ tsp. salt; 2 tsps. baking powder; ¾ cup ordinary sugar; ½ cup margarine or ghee; 1 egg; ½ cup milk; 1 tsp. vanilla essence; a baking tray, 20 cms. in diameter and 4 cms. in depth; 2 tbsps. mixed fruit jam.

FOR THE MARZIPAN:

100 cashewnuts; 25 grams almonds, blanched; 175 grams ordinary sugar; pink, red, blue and green food colours.

FOR THE BUTTER FROSTING:

1½ tbsps. margarine; 2 tbsps. icing sugar; 2 drops lemon juice.

FOR THE SPONGE CAKE:

Sieve salt, baking powder and flour together. Keep aside. Mix sugar, egg and fat. Lightly stir together. Add vanilla essence to milk and add the milk to the above sugar, egg and fat mixture. Now add the dry ingredients gradually to the liquid mixture. Mix lightly. Pour into a greased baking tray. Bake at 200°c for 20 minutes. Remove from the

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

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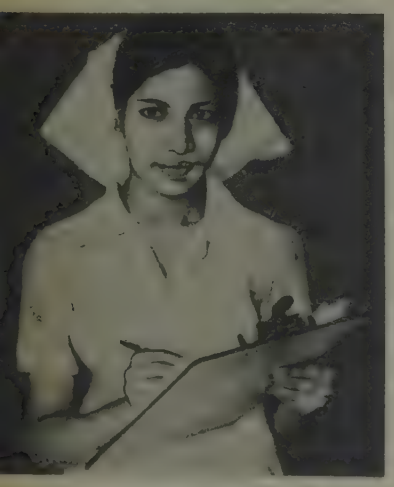
Vital facts about Colds and Flu and how to fight these ailments

nacin is a big help quick relief from miseries of colds flu"
s Nurse Natalia D'Souza



hat causes colds and flu?

borne viruses from infected persons ad colds and flu. Normally, the y resists these viruses. But over- tion or under-nourishment weak- the body and lowers resistance to ction.

hat are the symptoms?

yache, heaviness in the head, zing and a runny nose. Flu is often mpanied by shivering, discomfort and sweating. Cough, sore throat, loss of appetite and fatigue may follow.

Can it lead to complications?

Neglected cases may lead to pneumonia and infection of the upper respiratory tract.

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- Rest adequately
- Gargle with antiseptic or salt water
- Keep rooms properly ventilated

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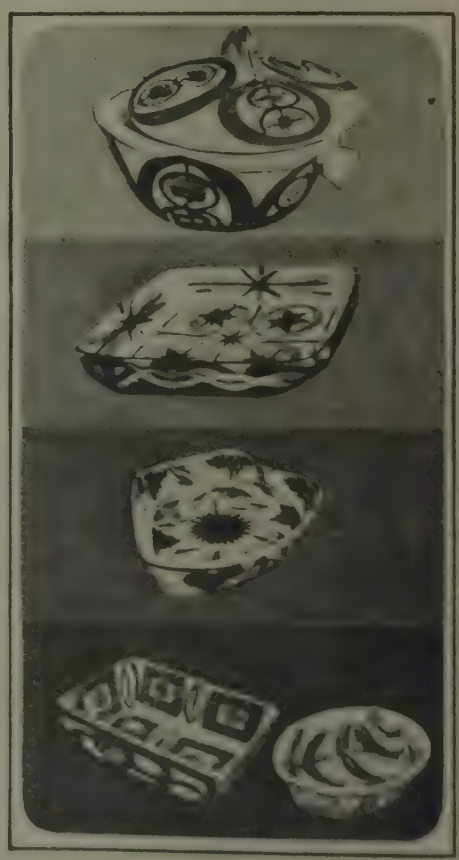

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PASSING THROUGH

KATHY ALLS

"ASSOCIATE WITH GREATNESS"

On her first visit to India, is glamorous Kathy Alls, internationally acclaimed author, lecturer and TV personality, the founder and motivating force behind Kathy Alls Success Seminars. Kathy Alls is here at the invitation of the Indo-American Society to conduct programmes on "How to get anything you want" and "Total Living."

Madras is the third halt in her itinerary and I asked her for her impressions about the audience and its participation in her two earlier programmes. "Oh! I'm very impressed with the Indian people; their participation is absolutely uninhibited and spontaneous," she replies with glowing eyes. "What's more, their sense of humour is fantastic!" she adds.

I asked about the previous day's programme, "How to get anything you want." Though it sounds very practical and down to earth, how could it be accomplished in real life?

"It can," she says with emphasis on the second word. She believes that we are not victims of fate, luck or circumstances. "You will be what you will to be," she says and "Your limitations are self imposed," and one more thing, "If you need approval you'll never have it."

"I know in my life I've never experienced an unrealised goal. If you're willing to commit yourself to it, you can do it." As long as you confine yourself to natural laws and set goals, nothing is impossible, she maintains. Many people don't have that much commitment, she contends. "Personal Excellence" is what one should strive for, and for this we need to coordinate all aspects of our life to overcome the negative conditions encountered in day to day life.

"Associate with greatness," is her advice. "That's why the ladder of success is always crowded at the bottom. If you're living with someone who just comes home, opens a can of beer, flops down in front of the television and says, 'Damn government,' that can drag you down. A person with high self-esteem will gravitate to people who are more successful than he is, we go as high as the people we associate with." According to her, success isn't just a matter of financial planning, it has to do with getting your life in order.

There is no excuse for failure. We create our own conditions for better or worse. We are not the result of our environment, rather our environment is a product of what we say, do and think, says Kathy Alls.

I become curious at her next words: "You know, now the tendency in the United States is towards 'home making' or to become 'home makers,' " she says.

"What's that? Isn't it the same as being a housewife?" I ask.

"Oh, no, it's different. 'Home making' can be a career in itself, both for the wives and husbands, one has only to opt for it," she says.

"But what about the monetary benefits, one cannot earn anything by looking after the home," I say.

"Well, they can. He or she is paid by the partner who has the job outside the home," Kathy says.

Continued on Page 53

A FAN-CY CAKE

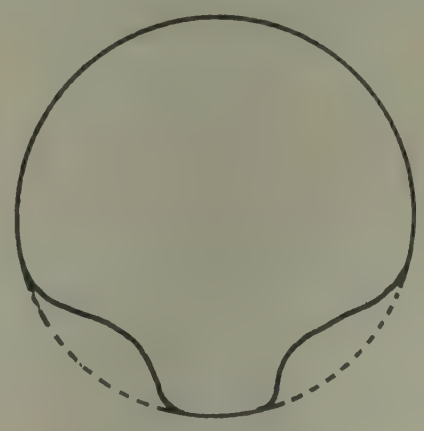
oven and cool. Transfer to a circular plate and let it cool thoroughly.

FOR THE MARZIPAN:

Powder the cashewnuts and blanch the almonds. Grind to a fine paste. Put sugar in a dekchi. Pour water just enough to cover the sugar. Heat on slow fire, stirring continuously with a wooden spoon till the sugar dissolves. Add few drops of lemon juice to the syrup to remove dirt if any. Strain and place on fire once again. Now add cashewnuts and almond paste. Mix evenly. Keep stirring till the syrup begins to dry up and does not stick to the sides. Remove and keep stirring till thick. Place the marzipan on a smooth surface. Mash thoroughly till smooth and pliable. If dry, add few drops of water. Add pink colour to ¾ part of the marzipan. To the remaining portion, add different colour, to make flowers and leaves.

TO DECORATE THE CAKE:

Trim the cake into a fan shape as shown in the diagram at right. Apply diluted mixed fruit jam on top and sides of the cake. Now roll out the pink marzipan on a smooth floured board. Roll out thinly and cut out 13 blades for the fan, each measuring 20 cms. in length and 4 cms. to 5 cms. broad at one end and tapering at the other. Cut a 4 cms. broad strip, length enough to cover the sides of the cake. Also cut 3 rectangular strips for the bow,



each measuring 30.5 cms. x 2 cms. Cut a circle, 5 cms. to 6 cms. in diameter for the handle.

Make colourful flowers and green leaves out of the remaining marzipan as shown in the four given steps. Arrange all the above cut shapes in proper position over the fan-shaped cake. Arrange the flowers and leaves to form a lovely bouquet. Make a nice bow out of the 3 rectangular strips. To make a bow: Form a tiny ring out of one strip, press in the centre and stick the other two strips in the centre to indicate the ends of the bow.

FOR THE BUTTER FROSTING:

Beat together margarine with icing sugar and lemon juice. Decorate neatly the edges of the blade with this butter frosting.

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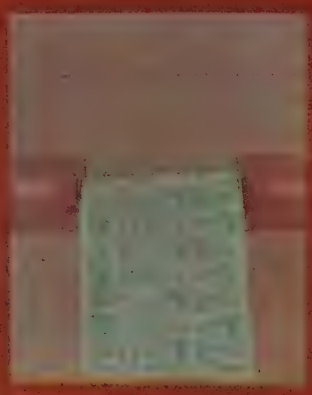

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Ranjeeta reminds you of a child who has been given a lot of candy suddenly and doesn't know what to do with it. She doesn't even know whether she should be happy about the way her luck has turned.

When she walked into her room, kicked off her sandals wearily, pulled off her steel-rimmed specs, and flopped on her bed with a yawn and a stretching of her limbs, she didn't look as if she enjoyed the hectic pace of her work. Such a change in her fortune for the girl, I thought to myself, and here she was still grumbling. No change at all in her, neither in her looks, nor in her mental outlook. She was still dissatisfied like she used to be. Now the complaint was too much

Ranjeeta: SUCCESS CAN BE SOUR

Vijaya Irani

work, lack of leisure time, rushing from one set to another.

"Seven months ago, I didn't have a place of my own, neither did my hairdresser. Now I have this flat but it is so cramped, with all my family down here. My hairdresser too has a flat nearby. We used to sit and worry about having a place of our own. But now I want to move into another place, this is too small. I have had it furnished in record time, too. People are surprised when I tell them of the short time in which I booked this flat, had it done up, and then moved in."

But she is restless, already looking for a bigger and better place, a bungalow maybe. Which shooting had she come from?

The last day of Shakti Samanta's "Khwab" which she was doing with Mithun Chakravorty. And she was going to Bangalore with Mithun for Dulal Guha's film. Ah! Mithun, her constant co-star of over the dozen films she has signed, and the hero with whom she is supposed to be having an on again, off again affair! She knitted her pretty brows and tried to assume as ferocious a look as her attractive eyes could manage.

"Mithun? Oh come on, you know enough about me and where my heart is, to believe this rumour. I already have a boy friend you know about, so please don't go about thinking I am carrying on with someone else too!

"Mithun and I know each other from the Institute days when we were students. That is why we are a bit casual and free with each other. Isn't it perfectly natural when you're known a person from his student days, have studied together, for you to behave with a certain familiarity! And he is in love with someone else."

Then almost as an afterthought, "Isn't he?"

I said, "How would I know? You know him so much better, being a constant co-star. How many films have you got with him?"

"Oh so many. But he is not my only co-star, I have so many other heroes, except of course Rishi Kapoor. I don't know what the reason is for my not starring with him. I don't even know how many films I have today. I just go on shooting. Among the new people I am doing a film with are Raj Babbar and Deepak Parasher. God! It's become so mechanical, this work."

The last time I met her, she was puffing at cigarette after cigarette for lack of work and the tension of waiting for things to happen. Things changed for the better after "Ankhiyon Ke Jharonkhon Se." And now she is wailing about the load of work!

"I wanted this stardom, and now it doesn't mean much to me. I thought that when I had a lot of films, and became famous, I'd feel on top of the world. But where is the elation I am supposed to feel? Where is the ecstasy? There is only work, work and more work to be done! I tell you, one can never be satisfied. Human nature means wanting more and more, wanting not this but that, not here but there.

"Job satisfaction? I guess it's all the same — those typical scenes, those jhatkas-matkas which go for dancing, which I have to do much against my will. Working with Mithun as an artiste? Oh he is good, and you don't need me to tell you that everyone knows he is talented. But why this talk of heroes even in an article on a woman? We put up with hero orientation and domination enough in our work — all our films are hero-based.

"I am looking forward to Rajshree's 'Kali Anar Ki', the story of Anarkali. I'm putting my heart and soul into it, and I want to prove to them that a film can be carried on my shoulders, on the shoulders of the heroine alone. What we need is four films like 'Anarkali' and four good talented actresses to make them, and then we can show the world that heroines can also run the show! How long should we actresses languish in the shadow of heroes?"

Behind a facade of a devil-may-care attitude, there is a keen intelligence in the girl. Like the way she ran through the trade papers which were out that day to find out reports on her recently-released "Taraana". Like the way she doesn't expect this good fortune to last. She has already bought a place in a shopping complex, which she is going to turn into a beauty parlour. Jokingly she says it is for the days when she won't have any work. Forced to keep her love affair discreet for the sake of disapproving parents, and knowing Mithun is deeply involved elsewhere, she goes her way uncaring about what people feel, as long as she can do what she wants.

Photograph : Rakesh Shrestha

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The tender years

AMARNATH: the immortal one

They come from everywhere to make the long arduous trek to the sacred cave to have their wishes granted, their sins washed away, and out of gratitude for wishes fulfilled.

Mitali Bose

Amarnath is a famous pilgrimage centre. It is a place situated 14,000 ft. above sea level in the Himalayas. The road to the Amarnath cave is open for only one and a half months a year — from the beginning of July to mid-August after which the path is thickly covered with snow. It is during these one and a half months that pilgrims venture there, and even then, the path is extremely perilous.

The story goes that Lord Shiva meditated here for 80,000 years, thus conquering death and attaining eternal bliss. It was here that he tried to impart this knowledge to his consort, Parvati, after she had repeatedly requested him to do so. But before he began to do this, he put to sleep every living object with the help of a mantra so that no one else could hear.

But a pair of pigeons' eggs that lay in the cave hatched. As the cave was dark, Shiva asked Parvati to say "hmm" so that he knew she was listening. The baby pigeons heard this and when Parvati, bored, fell asleep, they made that sound as they were very eager to gain the precious knowledge.

When Shiva found this out, he wanted to destroy the pigeons, but they flew and took refuge in Mother Ganges who talked Shiva out of his angry decision. But he cursed them, and ever since then the only sound they are able to make is "hmm." Every year at

LEFT : The curious natural ice formation in the shape of a lingam, a symbol of the presence of the Immortal One.

CENTRE : A pilgrim before the "miracle lingam".

BELOW : It is a long and hazardous journey to the pilgrim centre situated 14,000 feet up in the Himalayas but it attracts thousands of pilgrims every year.

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AMARNATH

this time, two white pigeons are seen in the cave; the strange part is that, except for these, no other bird is seen as they are unable to fly to such a height.

The place was found many hundreds of years ago by a young shepherd. For a month the shepherd noticed that one of his goats left her shelter at the same time every day for an hour, and then returned. One day, unable to check his curiosity any longer, he followed the goat and found that it went to a cave (Amarnath) where a Rishi, meditating there, milked her. Angry that someone should so freely make use of his goat without paying for it, he demanded a price and was paid with a sack of coal.

Unable to take the whole lot, he took whatever he could, and returned home. At home no one believed his story, so to prove his story true, he opened the bundle of coal, but to his surprise found that the coal had turned into gold. He at once ran to the temple priests and narrated this strange experience and they in turn visited the sage and learned about the cave.

The cave was named "Amarnath", meaning, "The immortal one" after Lord Shiva. Ever since then Kashmiri priests have always been the high priests during the pilgrimage season and receive a share of the money offered by the pilgrims, the rest of it going to the descendants of the shepherd.

Every year 20,000 to 30,000 people risk all sorts of hazards (as the way is very difficult) to make the pilgrimage. On an average, 30 people get injured and three deaths occur. Still people flock to the cave to see the natural ice formation in the shape of a lingam. It stands about ten feet high as the symbol of Shiva's eternal presence there. The drops of water that seep through the cave solidify into the shape of a lingam, but the strange thing is that the same amount of water seeps into various other parts of the cave, but it is only in this particular corner that the formation takes place.

Many believe that if they wish for anything here with fervour, it will be granted Perhaps it is this belief which makes many a barren woman, who had otherwise given up hope, willingly face the arduous journey to go up and pray for an offspring which usually means a son. The women who face no such problems usually pray for the welfare of their families, the stress being more on the husbands; very rarely does a woman ask anything for herself.

One woman in the first category who had prayed for a son is Mrs. Anuradha Chaterjee. When a son was born, he was duly named "Amarnath". Mrs. Vimla Devi Poddar, on the other hand, went to Amarnath for the merit such a pilgrimage confers and also to pray for the welfare of her husband and family.

Dutiful sons also perform the pilgrimage with their aged parents. Mr. A. Tiwari is one of them. He is 55 years of age and a resident of Srinagar where he owns a dry fruit business. When questioned, he replied that he was merely fulfilling the wish of his mother. When the old lady was approached, she firmly asserted her belief that if she visited Amarnath her past sins would be washed off, heaven would therefore be easily accessible to her, and death would be painless.

Dr. (Miss) Madhu Patel, however, did not go to Amarnath with any earthly motive, nor for the reasons Mrs. Tiwari went. She said she was going purely for the spiritual tranquillity the pilgrimage brought her. This was the second time she was visiting the cave. The first time she had gone, she found that the place did wonders to her mind. Incidentally, 51-year-old Dr. Patel, a resident of Bombay, was for many years medical officer at spiritual camps. She is a disciple of Anondomoima (an acknowledged Hindu saint) with whom she once stayed for three years.

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● 30 times more powerful than naphthalene balls.
● Keeps the air fresh and fragrant in homes especially in toilets

One gentleman who goes up to Amarnath every year had an interesting story to tell when asked the reasons for his doing so. He was the only child of his parents who were very poor. Somehow, they managed to scrape up two meals a day. As the villagers knew them well, they willingly helped them when necessary. Then a friend asked this man to accompany him to Amarnath and offered to pay his expenses. He agreed instantly as he had heard that those who made this pilgrimage would have their wishes granted. He had prayed for the betterment of his present position. Surprisingly, three days after his return, the same friend who had taken him to Amarnath asked him to join his business as it had become difficult for him to handle it alone. Since then the business (dry fruits and timber) had flourished a great deal making him and his family very rich. So he owes his affluence to Amarnath and in gratitude he visits it every year.

Not all the pilgrims are Indians. One can see a lot of foreigners laboriously making their way up to the holy cave. Two Frenchmen, named Jean and Paul, who very humorously said that Sartre had been left behind, were going to Amarnath because they had read leaflets on it in Kashmir, and out of curiosity they were going to see the "miracle lingam" as they called it. They were so impressed by the beauty of the place that they wondered if this was India—minus beggars, poverty and squalor. Paul even asked why Indians bother to go to places like Switzerland when such beautiful places existed in the country.

Forming a part of the pilgrims are a lot of sanyasis. One sanyasini said she was going to Amarnath in the hope of attaining mukti, which reminds one of Swami Vivekananda having once said, "No other place has given me the peace Amarnath has."

Even a commercial film has been made based on Amarnath. In fact, the heroine of the film had accepted the role primarily so that she could visit Amarnath. When the sister of the second lead was questioned, she said she had come not only because she had to accompany her sister (who had also accepted the role for the same reason as the heroine) but also to pray for a good husband.

Thus Amarnath, apart from its spiritual sanctity, attracts people from all walks of life for a variety of material reasons. It is a unique temple and calls for a unique pilgrimage. And its arduous nature is a measure of the pilgrims' faith and ardent devotion.

WOMEN IN FOCUS

DR. KISHWAR ISHTIAQ

SPECIAL INTEREST IN SPECIAL CHILDREN

"Mine is a special interest that has focussed itself on special children," says Dr. Kishwar Ishtiaq, a Ph. D. in psychology, summing up her years of work with mentally retarded children.

"Mentally handicapped children have long been abused by social neglect and public apathy." In a bid to tackle this situation, Dr. Kishwar Ishtiaq has taken up work as a psychiatrist-cum-joint director of "Chetna" — the first privately run institution for mentally retarded children in Uttar Pradesh.

"Medical aid coupled with psychological treatment and initiation ought to be our gifts to these children, who in turn have a fountain of love and care to offer us," she has to say to those who look on money spent on mentally handicapped children as a futile investment.

Dr. Kishwar Ishtiaq (24 years old) has packed much experience into her young life. Last year a rare honour was conferred on her when she was called upon to represent her country at the International Conference on Exceptional Children, which was hosted at London. She served in the capacity of Chairman. More recently she was invited to participate in the meeting of the Association for the Scientific Study of Mental Deficiency held at Jerusalem.

Dr. Kishwar Ishtiaq has also published a book on the subject titled "Mentally Retarded Children — A Socio-Psychological Study," which has broken fresh ground in the field. The findings of the book, based on extensive research, deal with the rehabilitation of mentally retarded children. It provides fresh insight and useful data for teachers in general and parents in particular.

Belonging to an [illegible] aqudar family, Dr. Ishtiaq hails from Barabanki. Though she belonged to a strict Muslim family, she says she has had no problem stepping out in order to take up a challenging career.

Intensely involved in her career, Dr. Ishtiaq says that "Chetna" is just the right blend of clinical efficiency and social welfare and solace that these children need. Individualised attention is the operative phrase she adds.

Dr. Ishtiaq is bubbling with plans for the future. Within two months, she proposes to set up a guidance centre which will provide parental counselling, which is an essential part of the child's treatment.

She is also going to do further research work on the subject of mentally retarded children, taking into consideration both the social and psychological aspects of the problem.

"So much remains to be done," says Dr. Ishtiaq, "and a lifetime of experience, fulfilment and analysis to look forward to."

Lalita Subramanian

THE FINAL BREAK

Continued from Page 29

ection. She exclaimed at the loveliness of the flat and the way it was kept. I told her that Soma got the credit, not I.

Soma in her turn insisted on Ketaki staying for dinner. She was not letting her go off with just a cup of tea. Ketaki laughed and accepted. We talked in the sitting room while Soma put a few finishing touches to the dinner in the kitchen.

Ketaki was talking nineteen to the dozen, but it was clear she was holding something back. She looked uncomfortable, and as she coiled and uncoiled the corner of the pallav round her finger, I tried to recognize the Ketaki of old in this thin face still beautiful but taut, surrounded by hair which already had strands of grey in it.

At dinner she was more relaxed. And then she told us that she was not living with Subroto any more. There had been no fights — they had just drifted apart. They were disenchanted with marriage. Probably they had expected too much from it. She could not pin-point the cause — it was too diffuse to be put into words.

"Not what you are thinking of," she insisted. "He has never been cruel to me. It's just that we discovered that we did not know each other — were not interested in knowing each other."

She laughed at her vagueness. It was a bitter laugh and I told her not to talk about it if it made her feel unhappy.

"No, let her get it off her chest," Soma said.

"She's right. I'll feel better if I talk to the two of you. I haven't discussed my marriage with anyone so far," agreed Ketaki.

Not having children had also been part of the reason. In the beginning neither had wanted one. There was so much to do. But when they did want, they were not successful and silently each blamed the other. No, they did not want to adopt a child, though Subroto's mother had suggested it.

A clear picture of unhappiness was emerging. By the time she decided to leave, it was past midnight. We hadn't noticed the lateness all this while, we'd been so engrossed in the talk. It was too late for her to go home. A bed was made up for Ketaki in the guest room.

Next morning, by the time I got up, she'd already left. Soma told me that she had a morning class that she could not afford to miss and added that may be she did not want to face me in the daylight. Unburdening herself in the night had been easy, but the thought of facing me in the cold light of morning seemed to have embarrassed her.

After that I did not meet her. Soma met her a few times, even went over to her small flat one day — a dingy place that reflected its occupant's mood of depression and lack of interest in life, she told me. But Ketaki did not come again. May be she did not want to. Who knows? After some time we also lost interest. No relationship can last long if it is one sided.

* * *

This, morning the phone had woken us up. Soma hurried to it and her shocked voice crying "What!" made me rush to her side. She had gone rather pale. "Ketaki has committed suicide," she stammered. We dressed quickly and rushed to her place. It was all over. The doctor shook his head and declared she had been dead at least for two hours. The small flat was full of people. Her old mother was prostrate in a chair. In hushed voices, people were talking about Ketaki as if she were sleeping and might wake up if they spoke loudly.

Her mother would not be consoled. She blamed herself for what had happened. "My operation. . . how was I to know that was all the money she had?" she sobbed.

Ketaki had died penniless. I remembered the box of chocolattes and felt a twinge of guilt. As they dressed her for the funeral I watched with a heavy heart. She had given so much happiness to others. She deserved some herself. Soma sobbed as she strew rajanigandha flowers around her, flowers which she had loved in life. I just stood there, unable to speak or cry.

HI YA HONEY!

By an Alves called Johnnie

HERE'S TO PROHIBITION. THIS IS LIFE.

This uncertainty is killing me. Decision making always has its drawback. I had forgotten my hooch-making friends, as liquor was freely available in this progressive State. Then suddenly we were told to renew our permits as Prohibition was coming in four years. So my wife and I stood in a queue again, declared that we were liquor addicts and the Government was kind enough to grant us permission to drink liquor for one more year. We had to pay twenty rupees for this kind permission.

That night my wife and I had a discussion and we came to the conclusion that what with the rising price of liquor, it was right and proper to renew our friendship with our hooch-making friends. So my wife and I dropped in at Wency's. We dropped out of his house as well. I have nothing against Wency, mind you, but I wish he'd stop remembering that he was born in a village in Goa and that he has to always support the local industry. He shook my hand softly, kissed my wife warmly and said, "Let's drink for old time's sake. Thanks to prohibition, all my old friends are returning."

Honey, I dislike the first drink of feni, tolerate the second and from then on it's a love affair. You should see Wency drink! It's not true that he only drinks, he also hiccups. There has however been a marked difference in his drinking since he went to a psychiatrist. Now he drinks on the couch.

It is said, luv, that the best way to drink and to fight off the effects of drink is to line your stomach with some butter. So, when we visited the Smiths two days later, I took a good helping of Amul butter. Rui is a great guy. He always offers me the best. This time it was made of pure grapes. Honey, just two fingers worth of his hooch and you feel as if someone's hit you with a sledge hammer. Not satisfied with this, his wife serves you biscuits covered with what looks like chopped worms.

On Saturday we visited Lewis. Nice chap really, but then he only serves rum — made at home from red grapes and imported flavour. One peg for me, two for him, always served with cola. Colas, I am told, disguise all drinks and bring them all on a par. Going to Lewis' house means his wife will insist on serving chaklies. Whether they are hard or soft depends on the atmosphere in the house on the day they were made.

That day I mentioned that the chaklies were particularly good and their six-year-old Cheryl Ann immediately said, "Uncle, this time we bought them from the hutment next door." At Lewis' I can stand six at a stretch, because the proportion of liquor in each subsequent glass diminishes by half. Lewis drinks like a fish, but he gets very indignant when told that he drinks too much — particularly when he can't stand up to dispute it.

My wife likes to go to Mario's parties. Mario only serves wine. He makes wine out of almost anything. One should never be misled by the looks of Mario's wine. It could make Mac Donell's Whisky feel ashamed of itself. Mario is a peculiar man. He has a lot of liquid assets, but he likes to show off his wines. On the day we visited him, Mario had invited his friend Osie. He is half Goan, and half drunk all the time. Osie has a gearless car. Ever since he got slapped once by a female companion while changing gears, he is driving a car with a hydramatic drive.

This time I went home by bus and Mario requested me to take Osie home. By the time I got home, my back was sore with his back slapping and telling me what a nice guy I was. On the bus he put his hand on a lady's shoulder and winked at her. She was fortunately religious minded, so she just said, "You may not realise it young man, but you are headed straight for hell."

"Oh," said Osie. Then he shouted to the conductor, "Stop this bloody thing. Lady here says I am on the wrong bus."

Until next time then.

PASSING THROUGH

Continued from page 45

Kathy Alls is happily married to Gordon Elser, a public information officer, who also does a lot of public relations work for his wife. They have two children aged 15 and 7. Her interests in life are multi-faceted and she seems to have all the energy and enthusiasm to accomplish them. Looking back, her career appears to have had an upward curve.

In Parsons, (where she was born) she worked as a cashier, a baby-sitter and served in a drug store. After working as a telephone operator she became an airline stewardess. She also did freelance modelling and commercials for T.V. She started her own management consulting corporation before her marriage.

About that time she was working as a representative for the manufacturer of a popular exercise machine. They sent her around the country and she wrote the firm's publicity material. In the process she got her first hint of how she could motivate people to make themselves look and feel better — especially since physical fitness was already familiar to her.

It has been two years since Kathy Alls started her lecture series. In that period she has written three books about success and personal happiness, and feels her career is just beginning.

About plans for the future, she says, "I have set high goals for myself. Barring any unforeseen catastrophe, I know what I'll be doing in three to five years time." She is firmly convinced that all we have to do to change any condition in our life is to take responsibility for ourselves within this naturally ordered universe, and change our thinking.

Finally, what do the participants have to say about her programmes?

One of the gentlemen remarked, "This programme of Kathy's was more a poetic inspiration, with no scientific jargon as found in certain seminars of this kind." Yet another said, "Since the programme is oriented towards self, I know myself better now. My goals are clear and I know what to do about them now."

A lady said, "You know my husband attended the first day and he was so impressed, he forced me to attend today and now I am very happy I attended. My communication with the family has already started improving, as my children tell me."

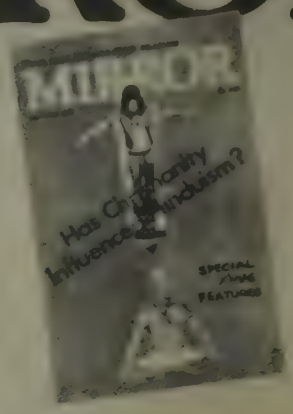
Meera Raghavendra Rao

Has Christianity Influenced Hinduism?

The cover story analyses the striking similarities between the Gita and the Gospel.

In the December Issue of

MIRROR



Highlights:

- **Gandhism: A Christian Viewpoint**— Was the Mahatma more of a Christian than a Hindu?
- **Pataudi speaks on Cricket Captaincy.**
- **Understanding Carnatic Music**– A comprehensive guide.
- **A Passage to Bihar**—Exploring the state's little-known tourist resorts.
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BOMBAY'S WESTERNISED CATHOLICS

Continued from page 22

The different types of Christians too have slightly different images. Mangalorians are thought to be more sober, but Goans have a great reputation for living it up and leading a lotus eating existence. Hindi movies often include a scene of a pair of drunkards slapping each other on the back, merry as sandboys, swigging away at a bottle and you can bet they are Goans, or at least Christians just as the vamp will usually be in a dress and have a name like Rita or Janey.

Bharat who works in an ad agency says, "I know a few Goan Christians who are my colleagues and I've always found them a congenial lot. They do fit into the stereo-typed image most people have of them. Their motto does seem to be "eat, drink and be merry," though whether that philosophy is a result of pondering deeply on the transience of life, or out of sheer love for the good things of life I don't know! But some of the most delicious food I've eaten has been in those little trattorias in Goa, and the most liquor I've drunk has been at my friend Santan's house, (rather to the dismay and disgust of the predominantly Goan Christian company present, I had to drop out of the competition before I had, according to them, even started!) I also found them warm and very hospitable people. I went to Goa on a holiday armed with just one introduction and within a few days I was inundated with more invitations than I could possibly accept. And no, I don't think the few Goan colleagues I work with are particularly lazy or more irresponsible."

Laura is a Goan Christian who lives in Bombay but some members of her family live in Panjim and she visits them often. "We are fond of having a good time. Christmastime in Goa is really fun with lots of parties or dances and friends take along friends and everyone has a ball. But I resent the implication that we are incapable of being serious or doing a responsible job well. I myself come from a family of professionals and we are not an exception."

"The pace of life in Goa is slower, less frenetic, maybe that's what gives the impression that we lead a very lazy kind of life," says Christine. "We are not workaholics certainly, but it is possible to lead a more leisurely kind of life in Goa, which is just not possible here in Bombay."

A more sociable and outgoing community than most other Indian communities, the Christians have managed to preserve their own identity and have acquired a very definite image which doesn't seem, on the surface at least, to have changed very much over the years.

Sherna Gandhy

FRANKLY SPEAKING

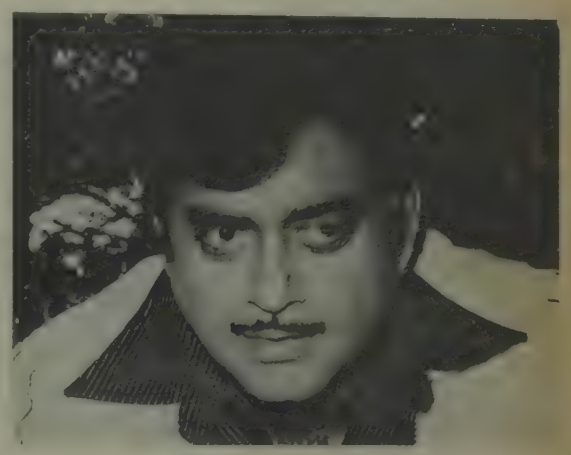
Devi

SHATRU: "no pretensions...plain good"

Delhi, I choose for my holidays because it is a city that does not believe in work. Specially in winter, you find the clerks, suited and booted, spread out in the garden, munching roasted moongphalies the first half of the day. The press offices start a little before lunch, then break for lunch which is extended to Bombay's tea time (3 p.m.), after which it is "too dark outside." So they get into homes while the illuminated city just rusts outside like a beautiful bejewelled spinster.

At the "Shama", "Sushma" office, the Delhvi brothers' lunch begins at 11 a.m. They offer you lunch, even tell you the menu. A cartload of king-size tiffin carriers is parked in their cabins. After lunch there is a sofa-cum-bed with pillows, etc. In any case, after biryani in asli ghee, with giant-size potatoes, one has to lie horizontal.

So what I mean is, when I decide to put away my pen, Delhi is the place. Not that I put away my barometer, though. I was making mental notes of Amitabh's position, since "Suhaag" was just released in Delhi, and a bunch of St. Stephen College boys came handy. "He is bad, so is the film, but he is worse than the film. Amitabh has gone stale, we like Shatru, no pretensions, no great histrionics, but he is plain good. There is something nice about him," was their report.



Aruna Vasudeva, who dabbles in writing, Radio and T.V., was all gushy about Gregory Peck. He was in Delhi in connexion with the "Sea Wolf." "Aren't you going to interview him?" she asked. Actually I had seen Peck that very morning in the Oberoi hotel lobby. He was having coffee, but I was in no hurry to cut my holiday, and my tea, and interview him.

Peck looks a not so well preserved 70. The last time he was here I think the press had organised a midnight visit to Suraiya's house and he, instead of an autograph, had given her a peck on her cheek. Till this goes to press Suraiya has not recovered from the kiss. Anyway, Dev Anand would be happy to know that he looks fifty years younger than his Hollywood model. He can safely work as Peck's son in a film. Zeenat Aman should go in for this original godfather.

* * *

When I came down to Bombay, back to my desk, I learnt that the Sanjay-Zeenat affair has ended like any other in filmdom — on an ugly, crude, rupee, hundi note. Zeenat was taken aback when wife Zarine joined her husband in beating her up. "I was no fool. In spite of warnings I got into this affair. I loved him," said Zeenat. My epitaph on the affair: Sanjay took Zeenat for a ride and she enjoyed the ride.

Violence off screen is the latest in filmdom. While Dharam was condemned as a muscular Jat, even a mild Bengali, Uttam Kumar, bashed up his constant companion Supriya Chowdhury, and all along Bengali women are known as tigresses — like the rumours that Raakhee used to throw even expensive crockery at Gulzar.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

Inspiration boutique, (Oberoi Towers) is holding an exhibition-cum-sale of dresses, baby wear and articles for babies at Cymroza Art Gallery, on December 21, 22 and 23. On display will be special creations designed exclusively for the festival season. Inspiration boutique is owned by Mrs. Malini Dhamija.

* * *

The Chief Minister, Mr. Sharad Pawar, formerly inaugurated the Flag Day Drive by putting his own contribution in the collection box presented to him by a small girl from the Children's Aid Society's Home.

Mr. Kantikumar R. Podar, Chairman of the Children's Aid Society, welcomed the Chief Minister. Others present, included Mrs. Leela Rele, Hon. Secretary of the Society; Mr. M.G. Gore, Chief Officer of the Society; N.S.S. professors, students from various colleges and schools in the city, and members of the Flag Day Committee and other Committees of the Society.

The Flag Day collections were made through the sale of coupons, car stickers, as well as donations through cards and collection boxes. Several thousands of students from various colleges and high schools in the city took active part in the collection.

* * *

A glittering Cultural Fashion Fare and Personality Contest is being organised by the Social Welfare Board for South Bombay, at Birla Mathushri Sabhagar on December 26, 1979. This show will serve the dual purpose of inculcating confidence in youngsters, and at the same time entertain deserving children from various institutions. The Personality Contest is for children between 5-10 years. Three eminent personalities will judge winners on the basis of poise, confidence, looks, dress, intelligence and expression.

In the unique Fashion Show, cute toddlers will display casual wear and party frocks to the lilting tunes of nursery rhymes. Youngsters in their early teens will display mod costumes to the beat of latest jazz music and dance numbers.

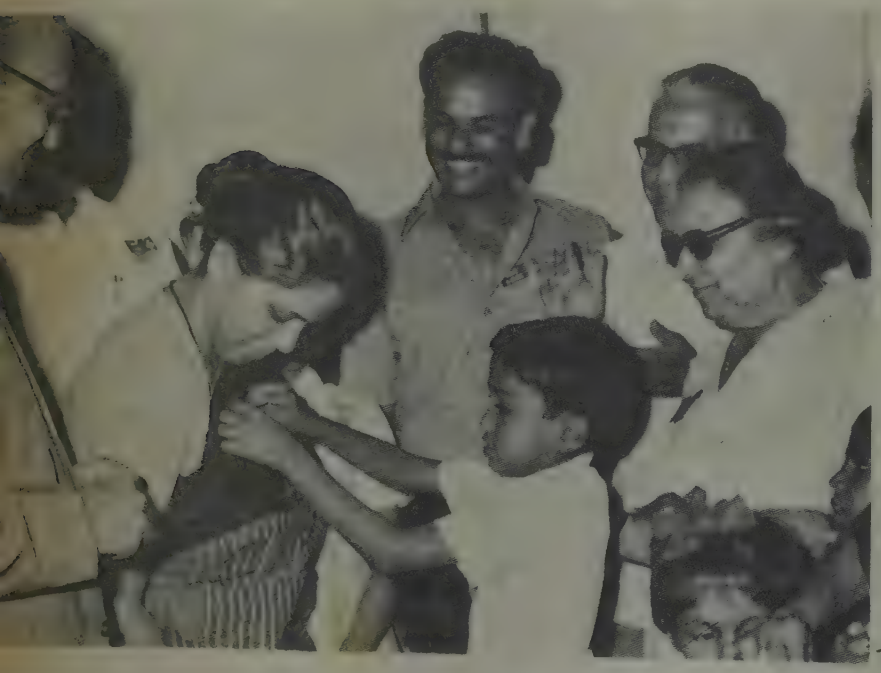
* * *

To commemorate The Year Of The Child, a special celebrity concert will be held by the Time and Talents Club Concerts Committee on Wednesday, December 26, 1979, at the Homi Bhabha Auditorium at 7 p.m. The artist, Cesare Ferraresi, an Italian violinist of repute, is the foster grandfather of an Indian baby who has been adopted by his daughter. The tickets priced at Rs. 15, 10 and 5 are available at the Victory Stall, Apollo Pier. The recital will be in aid of children's charities, and donations will be gratefully accepted.

* * *

A ten-day workshop to train trainers for employment oriented training for girls in rural areas was inaugurated by the Institute of Hotel Management, Catering Technology and Applied Nutrition.

The programme was one of a series of planned activities to commemorate the silver jubilee of the Institute. The workshop was inaugurated By Mrs. Thrity H. Taleyarkhan, Member, All India Handicraft Board. Mr. N. Dandeker, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Institute, welcomed the guests and Miss Thangam E. Philip, Principal of the Institute, gave the vote of thanks.



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1. A child from the Children's Aid Society, Bombay, pins a flag on Mrs. Pratibha Pawar, wife of C.M., Maharashtra, on the occasion of Flag Day. At left is Mr. Kantikumar R. Podar, Chairman, Children's Aid Society.

2. The winners of the Healthy Child Contest, which was sponsored by the Birds Club of Tarapur Atomic Power Station Colony.

3. Sunita Prem was crowned Miss Neptune at the Sea Cadet Ball by the Chief Guest, Vice-Admiral V.E.C. Barboza.

4. Film star Jeetendra who was on a shooting spell in Hyderabad recently, is seen at Welcomgroup's Hotel Banjara, with Nilima Verma, Sales Manager, and Anil Bajaj, Regional Sales Manager.

4

CALCUTTA

Kalindi boutique of Bombay will hold an exhibition and sale of exclusive printed and appliqued sarees and dress materials designed by Panna Dossa, at Hotel Hindustan International, Banquet 999, on December 20, 21, and 22.

• • •

The Indian Contact Lens Society held a three day seminar at the Parish Hall, which was inaugurated by Mr. Nani Bhattacharya, Minister for Health, West Bengal. Dr. Nihar Munshi. the noted eye-specialist, said that contact lenses would soon be made available to the poorer sections of society on therapeutic grounds.

• • •

Leonid Yakobson, an outstanding ballet master, from Leningrad, and the Indian Council for Cultural Relations jointly presented a show of choreographic miniatures at the Rabindra Sadan. Both Mr. Yakobson and Mr. Makarov, the Art Director, explained that choreographic miniatures differ from ballet proper. They project through a compressed medium, not only the steps and gestures of the ballet but also of folk and free modern dances. They project in miniature, a mood and an idea. The performance displayed the technical aspects of classical dance as well as mimicry and even tango.

• • •

The Young Women's Christian Association of Calcutta held an exhibition for four days on their different activities to celebrate their Centenary Year. The exhibition was inaugurated by Dr. W. Handke, the Consul General of the Federal Republic of Germany.

• • •

Manjula Sengupta's exhibition of dolls and children's handicrafts displayed a series of articles made from waste products transformed into useful and attractive items like coin boxes, napkin holders, dish covers and the like. The exhibition which was held at the Academy of Fine Arts, was inaugurated by Mr. Chittabrata Majumdar, Minister for Cottage and Small Industries, West Bengal.

BANGALORE

Anitha Loganadhan, Vasuda Govindan and Vijayalakshmi Ramakrishnan, all from the Madras College of Arts & Crafts presented their maiden art exhibition at the Venkatappa Art Gallery. Mrs. Shalini Srinivasa inaugurated the exhibition and Mr. K. H. Srinivasa, Minister for Information and Power, Karnataka, released the brochure.

LUCKNOW

T. S. Satyen, a well-known photographer held a photographic exhibition titled, "The Child". The galaxy of black and white photographs spotlighted the various moods, emotions and circumstances that surround the average Indian child. There were also several toys and dolls on display. Hosted jointly by the Women's Forum, Lucknow, and the UNICEF, the exhibition proved to be a big success.

• • •

The "Elephant Park" which contains an animal jungle and is adorned with three cement figures of an elephant, a horse and a rhino was opened in the city recently. The park which is lighted beautifully in the evenings has been fashioned out of a dump area by the Lucknow Development Authority.

5

6

5. At the Karnataka Handloom Expo Fashion Show in Bangalore are seen the organisers and models.

6. At an exhibition of dolls and children's handicrafts held in Calcutta, are seen (from left) Mr. Chittabrata Majumdar, Minister for Cottage and Small Industries, West Bengal, Mrs. Manjula Sengupta, and Mrs. Majumdar.

7. A musical play, "Godspell", based on the teachings of Jesus Christ, was staged recently by the students of Jesus and Mary High School, Delhi.

7

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

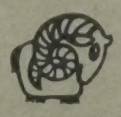
FOR THE WEEK DEC. 16 — 22, 1979

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A New Moon means new beginnings, especially if your birthday is on the 19th. An elderly person will help achieve a breakthrough. You must push hard at your hopes, and ambitions — it will be easy to get sidetracked at times. You might have to stretch your resources, financially, June/July 1980, in order toattain future security but a calculated risk will pay off — though not wild gambles. Give attention to the social side of life. Friends have a happy role to play in your affairs, and a person of influence is likely to take an interest in you. A flirtatious, rather than an ardent year for love.

ARIES



(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

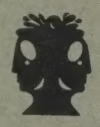
Friends and relatives of your partner will provide generous and kindly gestures, so don't resent their influence. Over the next several weeks, both business and personal relationships will flourish and, you could completely change your course.

TAURUS

(Apr 21 — May 21)

A busy week but rather lucky, too. Catch up on tasks and visits neglected recently. There will be co-operation and personal life shows a sharp uptrend. Social scene pleasing; pleasure travel possible, working conditions good.

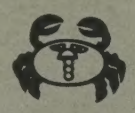
GEMINI



(May 22 — June 21)

Your stars are emphasising your restless nature. The folk around you will be changeable, so, life could be quite hectic. A need to pare down routine work. Get organised well in advance for Christmas.

CANCER



(June 22 — July 23)

Venus moves out of opposition to your sign, so a lightening of the atmosphere, a better tone in personal relationships and a little more cash in hand. You'll need to fit in with the plans and arrangements of close companions.

LEO

(July 24 — Aug 23)

Prospects, jobwise, are very good, social life pleasant. To push your interests try a spot of bluff around the 19th! Plenty of romantic promise, but if you are involved with more than one, tension will ensue.

VIRGO

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Stars are aiding your affairs. A week to communicate, to go after what you want, to push your luck, to experiment and explore. Also enjoy yourself, getting out and doing something different.

LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

The starry picture is good and your financial judgement puts you on to something good. Travel, business meetings and interviews favoured. If single, a new link may form. If married, a pleasing sense of 'togetherness' will prevail.

SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

Planetary aspects have helped your ambitions recently and given you enthusiasm and optimism. Life will continue along busy, fortunate lines. Social life is rewarding this week. In business, you'll get a chance to show what you can do.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

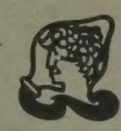
Life is lively for a few weeks. Good news, probably, a new phase of activity in personal life. Mercury now in Sagittarius indicates a stimulating period ahead when minor changes will occur to your benefit.

CAPRICORN

(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

Your stars are lucky, things going the way you want. Unusual possibilities in romance and money matters. If not already set on a new path, you will be shortly. The Sun enters Capricorn as this week ends bringing a vital influence.

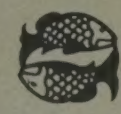
AQUARIUS



(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

Be outgoing, you will get a pleasing response from people. Life will be pacy soon, and very loving. Friends play a happy role this week. Frustrated ambitions can now reach fruition.

PISCES



(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

Although by nature an easy-going person, planets in opposition push you this way and that, but long-term money matters should be proceeding well. There will be minor irritations to contend with in more immediate issues.

Continued from Page 25

Mrs. Mehta also feels very strongly about the alarming number of child workers in India and says that some interim relief must be given to them. "I know one cannot immediately abolish child labour in India as it is an economic necessity for most of them, but I feel they must be atleast provided with reasonable living and working conditions and guaranteed a minimum pay. They must also be given some education or vocational training at the same time. Some provision must be made in the big cities to enable these children to stay in a proper place instead of sleeping on the pavements." Mrs. Mehta, who was asked recently to give her suggestions to a committee set up by the government to go into the problems of child labour in India, has forwarded these suggestions.

Pushpa Mehta who has been representing India at various international conferences for many years has now been invited by the Government of Japan to read a paper on "Children's needs in the community." Prior to this, she was invited by the governments of U.S.A., China, Russia and some other countries.

She says that a lot can be achieved in this field if more women were to take interest in social work. "A woman who gets higher education must not forget that she owes something to society. She must not stay at home and waste her time and education on frivolous pursuits. She must help society in whatever way she can, and I think all women must go in for education with the idea that they have to learn to be independent. They must have the courage to have an independent status. By this I do not mean that they should break their families or their homes. Along with being housewives, they can have an individual identity too," she says.

Mrs. Mehta who has been a successful housewife, a successful mother and a dedicated social worker for so many years dreams of an India where all women are educated and all pre-school children well looked after. All her efforts are directed towards achieving these two goals and she hopes to achieve at least some success in her work during her lifetime.

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